Faulkner as Correspondent

The Recycling of Boston

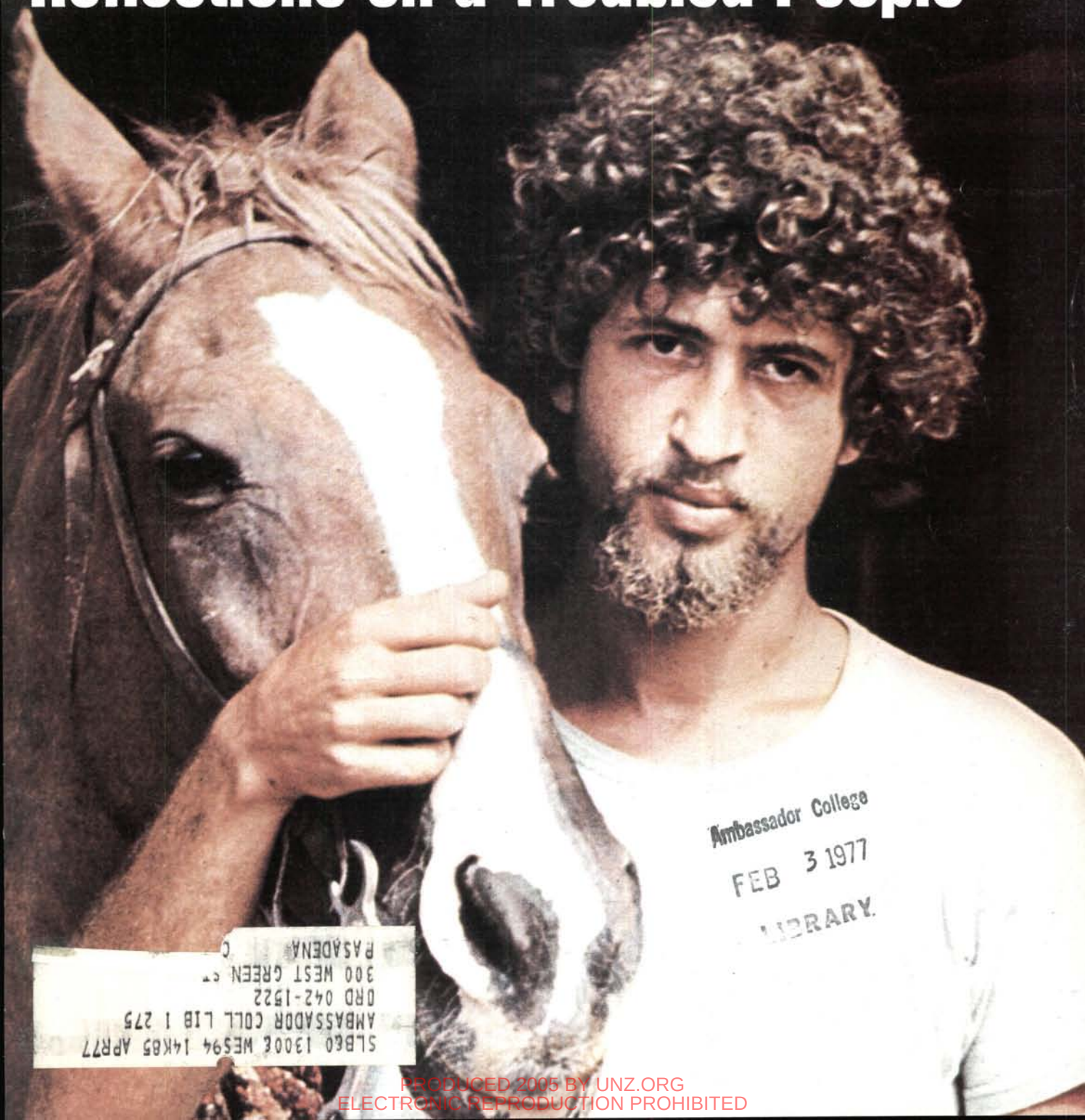
Saturday Review

February 5, 1977

75¢

Israel Journal: 1972–1976

Reflections on a Troubled People



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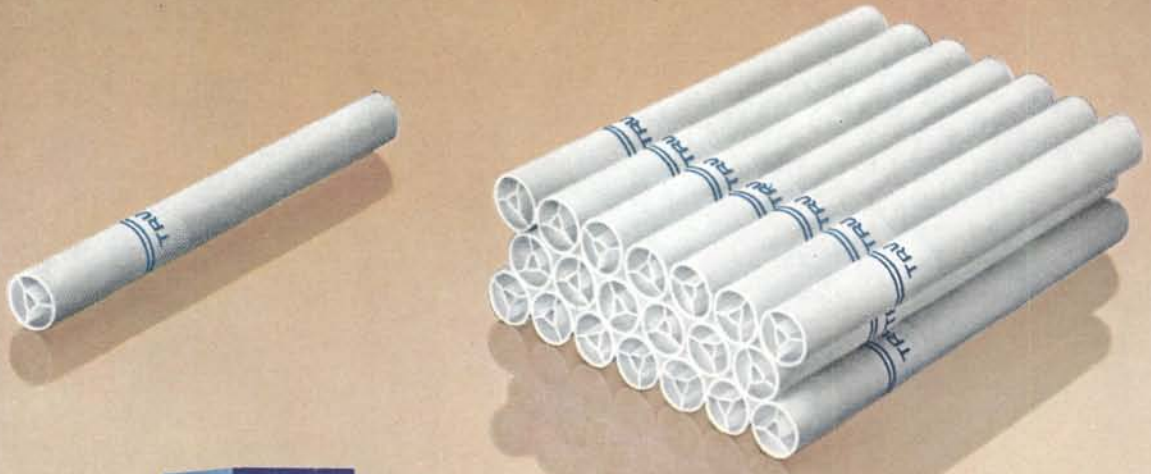

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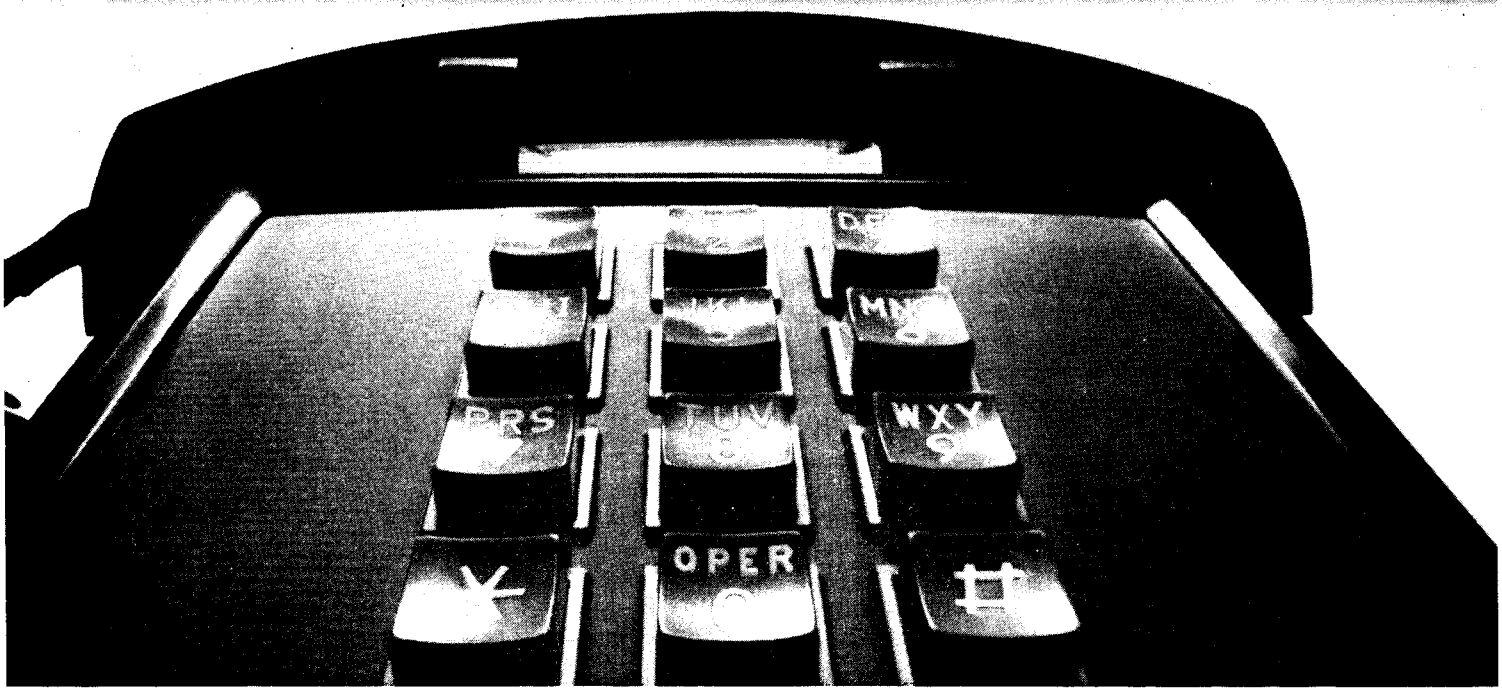

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Weather Modification

"If the collective conscience does not now respond, then all our philosophy and religion and education . . . have been abstract, irrelevant, futile."

MENTION of the CIA immediately conjures up visions of secret agents deeply enmeshed in plot-and-counterplot operations. One of the main concerns of the CIA these days, however, has nothing to do with the international undercover game. It has to do with weather. In particular, the CIA is worried about a major shift for the worse in the world's climate.

Why should the CIA be troubled about climate? The answer is basically historical. Adverse weather conditions have figured prominently in the ups and downs of civilization and, more particularly, in the outbreak of wars. Nations that have been afflicted by droughts and floods, with consequent mass hunger, have slid into political convulsions and foreign aggressions. The stability of a nation is dependent not just on its political and economic structure but on the vagaries of nature.

America's top intelligence officers, therefore, have been seriously concerned about the findings of climatologists showing that the world's weather has been steadily worsening in recent years. The downturn, according to these studies, is likely to continue for the rest of this century and for some decades thereafter.

The series of weather disasters began in 1960, the report says, but its long-term significance was not perceived by climatologists at the time. It was assumed that the massive crop failures in India, the Soviet Union, and western Africa were the results of ordinary weather adversities rather than the harbingers of a basically detrimental change in the world's climate. The disasters continued into the 1970s and have yet to be generally recognized, says the CIA, as manifestations of an ongoing period of unfavorable climate.

As recent evidence of negative change, the CIA cites the following:

- An increase of approximately 15 percent in the amount of ice cover on the earth today.
- Droughts in Central America, the sub-Sahara, South Asia, China, Australia, and the Soviet Union.
- Massive floods in the American Midwest.
- Below-normal temperatures for 19 successive months in northeastern Canada.

As though this picture is not grim enough, the CIA calls our attention to the fact that national governments are already capable of manipulating weather for military purposes. The weather-warfare programs of the military-scientific establishments of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. are euphemistically known as "weather-modification." The CIA report does not indicate how far "W-M" has developed, but the implication is clear that it involves the manufacture of droughts and floods, and is a powerful addition to modern arsenals.

It is difficult to read the CIA report without wondering whether some of the climatic aberrations in recent years may not have been part of military experimental programs. Another question raised by the development is whether the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. see W-M only in terms of its military potentialities and not in terms of the opportunities for combating or mitigating natural weather disasters. A final question is whether the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are violating principles laid down at Nuremberg following World War II. At that time, the victorious nations promulgated the concept that certain actions by nations are to be regarded as crimes and that government leaders who authorize those actions are to be regarded as criminals, subject to trial and punishment. It is difficult to accept that principle and see no crime in the authorization of W-M research for military purposes, or the corresponding failure to use that research to prevent, rather than to produce, weather disasters.

We have become so desensitized by the endless procession of super-weapons, beginning with nuclear explosives, that the temperature of moral indignation no longer rises when yet another mass killer is added to the inventory of the human apocalypse. But this new adventure in manufactured hell brings the whole process of human self-destructiveness to a terrifying and culminating point of mass insanity. If the collective conscience does not now respond, then all our philosophy and religion and education, intended to elevate human consciousness to an understanding of the fragility of life and a corresponding respect for human destiny, have been abstract, irrelevant, futile.

DURING the election campaign, Jimmy Carter made the significant point that détente between the United States and the Soviet Union has to justify itself not just as an accommodation between giants but as a genuine mutual effort to contribute to the well-being and safety of the world's peoples. The President now has an important opportunity to move in these directions. He can seek effective and ironclad agreements with the Soviet Union under which all W-M research and development by the two countries would be lifted out of the military establishments and merged into a single joint scientific agency with one fixed and irreversible objective. That objective should be the full development and use of scientific knowledge to combat and forestall natural disasters and to make this planet congenial to human life. The agency should be an integral part of the United Nations.

The dependence of human beings on weather is as much a moral issue as it is a meteorological one. If the world is in for a long spell of crippling weather, then we are fools and monsters if we don't get together for the purpose of mounting a response as though our life depended on it—as indeed it does. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Cuba and the Caribbean

In his excellent article ["Conundrum in the Caribbean," December 11], Don Bohning was quite right in highlighting the attraction of Cuba for other countries in the Caribbean. But Bohning should have questioned the realism of Cuba's becoming a model for Jamaica and other Caribbean states. Although Cuba's "attractions" may be real enough, they are, according to William Luers, deputy assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, importantly based on "an enormous amount of aid from the Soviet Union." In fact, Soviet economic aid to Cuba may have reached as much as $2 million per diem.

Caribbean watchers, including Bohning, generally agree that the Soviet Union is unwilling to finance a second "Cuban experiment" in the Caribbean or even anywhere in the western hemisphere. All of which leaves Cuba somewhat threadbare as a model for other Caribbean countries.

As for the United States, it is time to face up to the fact that it has failed to be of economic assistance and that it should offer constructive help—especially to the struggling democratic (though sometimes Left-leaning) regimes in the Caribbean.

Prof. Wendell Bell
Department of Sociology, Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Doctor's Dismissal

The conditions that relate to the dismissal of Anthony Morris from the Bureau of Biologics ["Tilting at Windmills," November 27] are far more complex than author John Neary would have one believe. There was careful scientific review of Morris's work, and there is no evidence that his dismissal had anything to do with his opposition to the influenza program. The civil service in this country is very effective in protecting public employees. Federal, state, and city agencies cannot dismiss an employee simply because he or she disagrees with a policy decision.

Dr. John Neff
Baltimore, Md.

I was troubled by John Neary's gross implication that the Bureau of Biologics is staffed by persons who are willing and able to destroy a competent colleague for holding conflicting professional opinions. I also find objectionable the fact that several medical issues Neary cited as areas of disagreement between Dr. Morris and his peers were so distorted. For example, the large majority of children who develop what is indeed a hideous disease, subacute sclerosing panencephalitis, do so after contracting wild measles rather than after receiving a measles vaccination. This is a subject of great concern among practicing physicians; the implication that the area is being ignored is totally false.

Dr. Laura Gutman
Durham, N.C.

The Amnesty Issue

I have always liked John Ciardi's column, but never more than I liked his "Tweedlejimmy, Tweedlejerry, and the Botched 'Amnesty' " [December 11].

My eldest grandson was killed when he stepped on a land mine in Vietnam. It was a useless casualty.

His death does not make me resent those men who never went to Vietnam. The war is now universally considered to have been a mistake and an immoral action on the part of the U.S. Those who had the moral understanding and conscience to refuse to participate in that holocaust should be received among us as honorable citizens and be permitted to help lead us, in the future, in formulating our destiny.

William Nowell
Seattle, Wash.

In *SR*, as in other publications, a new cliché is taking root: The war in Indochina was immoral, and hence those who opposed it were of high moral character.

The fact is that Vietnam is now a totalitarian state. So is Cambodia. Laos is gradually being regimented. Before, there was at least hope; now there is none.

Perhaps we were foolish in believing that we could prevent this from happening; but we were not immoral in our attempt. War *is* immoral. Yet sometimes it is preferable to the immorality that is the enslavement of men.

Thomas Thorsen
Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.

Nabokov and the Novelist

I read George Feifer's interview ["Vladimir Nabokov," November 27] with the same pleasure I find in reading Nabokov. They both share the same dimension of feeling for life.

It is hard to criticize an author for writing exactly what he said he had intended to write. So is it vain to complain about his lack of depth, passion, or even perception of anything but details. Nabokov has been deeply hurt. The hurt may be elegantly concealed; but if you sense it, that is enough.

Lois Goeltz
Knoxville, Tenn.

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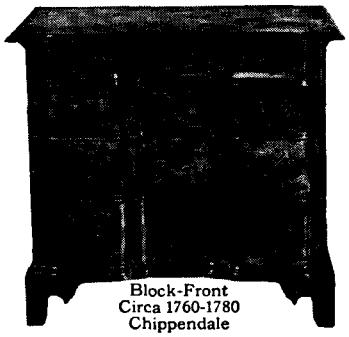

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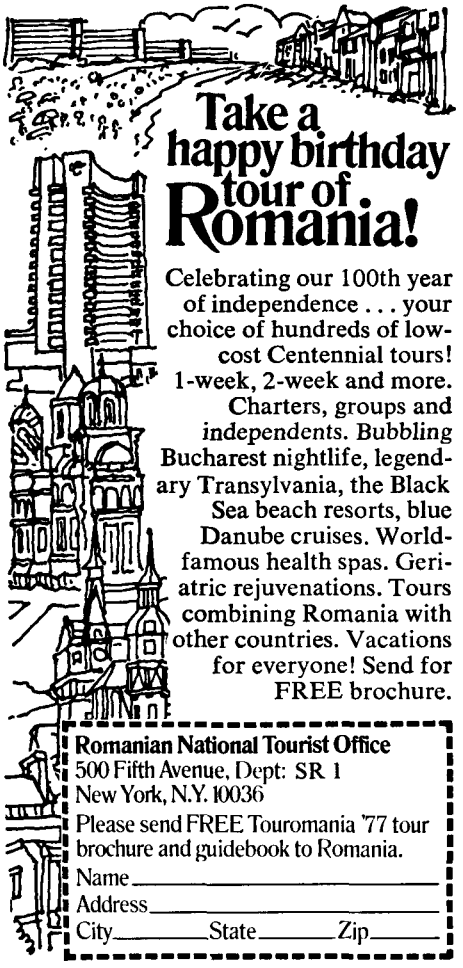

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Special Report

Margaret Mead at Seventy-five

by Jean Houston

MARGARET MEAD has turned seventy-five. Born December 16, 1901, she is almost as old as the century on which she has left an incalculable impression.

Hegel once wrote about world-historical individuals, those richly endowed people whose personal interests, sensibilities, and passions correspond to the needs and turnings of the times. Out in front or behind the scenes they become the impresarios of change, the orchestrators of culture and consciousness. It is possible that Margaret Mead is in this company, although only history can give the final acknowledgment. What history will record, however, is that when major or minor issues were ripe for renovation, Mead was more often than not there, calling the conferences, networking the thinkers, innovating, challenging, scolding, and above all, making things happen. Be it questions of global pollution, inter-generational learning, or the benefits of breast-feeding, she is one of the great experts of the *follow-through*, without which civilization would quickly lapse into entropy. She knows how things work. As an intensive observer of culture and social process she studies the forms of any political or social order and uses them, often effecting change and growth in even the most recalcitrant of institutions.

Her various public images help, of course. Whether she is seen as the eminent anthropologist, the arbiter of common sense, or even Grandma Herself, the consensus of the collective consciousness is that here we have a national resource like wood or coal, but much more interesting and far more dependable.

Small but sturdy, working round the clock, she has become a rare positive fixture in the global mind-scape—the happy warrior who brooks no whiny naysaying, the child-grandma who knows perfectly well that the emperor has no clothes, but then goes about finding him some, the priestess of pragmatic occasions.

How does one account for her? One can't. She herself says that her life has been blessed. In *Blackberry Winter*, her autobiography up to about age forty, we find the story of a woman born to ample gifts of mind and spirit and further quickened by remarkable opportunity, unusual tenacity, and sheer serendipity. Her family were educators deeply interested in the development of children and particularly interested in the development of young Margaret, whom they deemed "a completely satisfactory child." Rewarded as a child, she always kept a child's freshness of vision and maintains to this day a style of perception that allows her to think in images as well as in words, to be highly sensitive to subliminal cues, to maintain a vast storehouse of memories, and to reflect on many levels the immediacy of experience. As a child, too, she

Arbiter of common sense—"Challenging scolding, making things happen."

was encouraged to understand and participate in the beginning, middle, and end of all processes, whether weaving, the putting together of mechanical devices, or keeping a record of the development of her infant sister. This may have been a major determinant in the development of her keen intellect, full of sensory feelers her thorough and methodical way of working, and her adeptness with analogy in relating and explaining things. One has only to look at a few pages of her anthropological field notes to see a mind honed to the most acute capacity for observation, but able to make useful applications to cultures half a world away.

Her professional life can be seen as occurring in three main phases, with the activities of each phase continuing through and informing the others, not unlike the deepening, recurrent voices of a fugue. The first period began in 1925, after she had completed undergraduate and graduate

Continued on page 58

Jean Houston is director of the Foundation for Mind Research in Pomona, New York.

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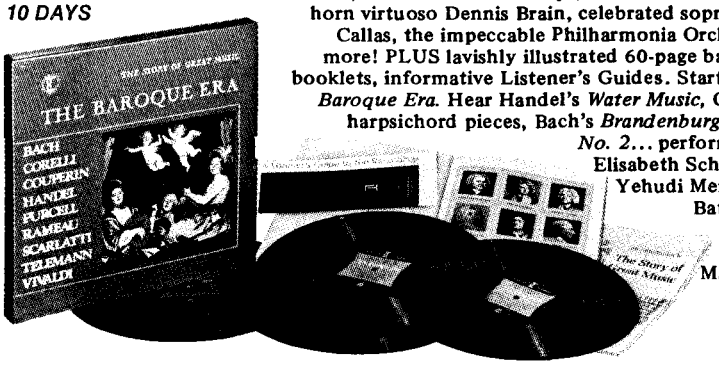

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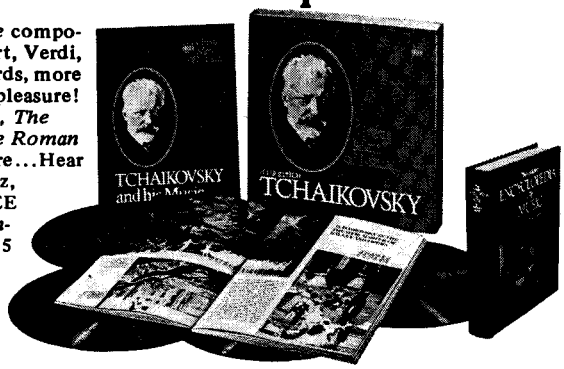

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Israel Journal: 1972-1976

Reflections on a Troubled People

by Terence Smith

with photographs by Micha Bar-Am

THEY were four extraordinary years. They began with the massacre of Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics and ended not long after the rescue of Israeli hostages at Entebbe Airport in Uganda. In between there was the shock and surprise of the October 1973 war, the postwar anxiety and depression, the calculated frenzy of the Kissinger shuttles, and finally the interim agreements with Egypt and Syria that stopped the fighting but left the big issues unresolved. Altogether, four difficult, traumatic years for Israel.

I came home from those years deeply skeptical about the prospects for an early settlement in the Middle East. It is not that the political problem is beyond solution. That is basically a question of sovereignty versus security that two dispassionate lawyers could resolve with no great effort. But the *human* obstacles—the deep-seated mistrust on both sides, the fear of annihilation, the wounded national honor—these are the real stumbling blocks. They are the elements that have prevented a solution in the past and will continue to make one difficult to achieve in the future.

The new year, however, presents a new opportunity. A new administration in Washington; a new, seemingly more constructive attitude on the part of the Arabs following the settlement of the Lebanese dispute; a new moderation on the part of the Palestinians, who seem finally to be scaling down their ambitions to more realistic levels—all these augur well.

Inside Israel, the picture is more clouded. The political infighting at the top is more cutthroat than ever and promises to worsen with the approach of new elections, now scheduled for May. The ultra-Right annexationists are becoming more aggressive on the issue of the West Bank. A major scandal is shaking the underpinnings of the ruling Labor party. All these could complicate a move toward a negotiated solution.

Another crucial, unpredictable factor is the Soviet attitude. It is true that Moscow's influence in the Middle East has diminished since 1973, but the Russians are still in a position to play a spoiler's role if they choose to do so.

Terence Smith was the New York Times *Jerusalem correspondent from 1972 to 1976. He is now the newspaper's assistant foreign editor.*
Micha Bar-Am is an Israeli photojournalist.

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Photographs: Micha Bar-Am/Magnum

Still, the mood in Israel when I left a few months ago was refreshingly upbeat for a change. The military situation was relatively stable, the borders were quiet, terrorism was down, and the spectacular success of the Entebbe operation had boosted the national morale. The continuing conflict in Lebanon had reduced the threat of fighting on the Syrian front, and the American election campaign had relieved the pressure from Washington for more negotiations. The second half of 1976 was a kind of political-military siesta for Israel, a much needed breather for a country that had not had a chance to catch its breath for a long time.

The trouble with siestas, of course, is that they are brief. When this one comes to an end, Israelis will find themselves in fundamentally the same position as before: politically and diplomatically isolated and more dependent than ever on the United States.

The plain facts of the Israelis' dilemma are unpleasant, maybe even unfair, but inescapable. The Israelis have lost much of the sympathy they once enjoyed around the world. They are no longer the underdogs of 1948, the heroes of 1967, or the brave young shapers of a society that made the desert bloom.

Instead, they hear themselves described these days as stubborn, intransigent, unreasonable. They are continually being told that they are out of step with the rest of the world on such issues as negotiating with the Palestinians and the future of the West Bank. It is a refrain heard increasingly in European capitals, in the corridors of the United Nations, even on Capitol Hill.

This new, critical attitude toward Israel is felt most vividly by Israelis who travel abroad. "It's no picnic being an Israeli overseas these days," a friend said recently. A strikingly beautiful lawyer, she goes abroad several times a year to serve as the Israeli delegate at international legal conferences.

"A few years ago, I was something special at a conference," she said. "When I stood up to speak, I could feel a rush of affection and admiration from the audience. Now the eyes are cold, almost hostile. 'What do you want now?' 'What trouble are you going to cause here?' is the message. It is not a very pleasant sensation."

ISRAELIS realize their image has suffered abroad, but they don't seem to understand why. The reaction of some is to insist that the world is out of step with Israel, rather than the other way around. Others see anti-Semitism as the principal motivation behind the new attitude. Israel was acceptable as an underdog, they argue, but not as a major, self-reliant power that makes its own decisions and sticks to them.

My own explanation for the shift is the Yom Kippur War. Those 17 days in October 1973 changed all the rules of the game in the Middle East. The political and economic consequences for Israel were far greater than the military ones. Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, in a recent conversation with me, described the war as Israel's "number one national catastrophe since the founding of the state." It seems to me no exaggeration.

The war prompted the oil embargo, which suddenly made the Middle East everybody's business. Overnight, a direct link was established in the minds of American and European consumers between stability in the Middle East and the availability of gasoline at the neighborhood filling station.

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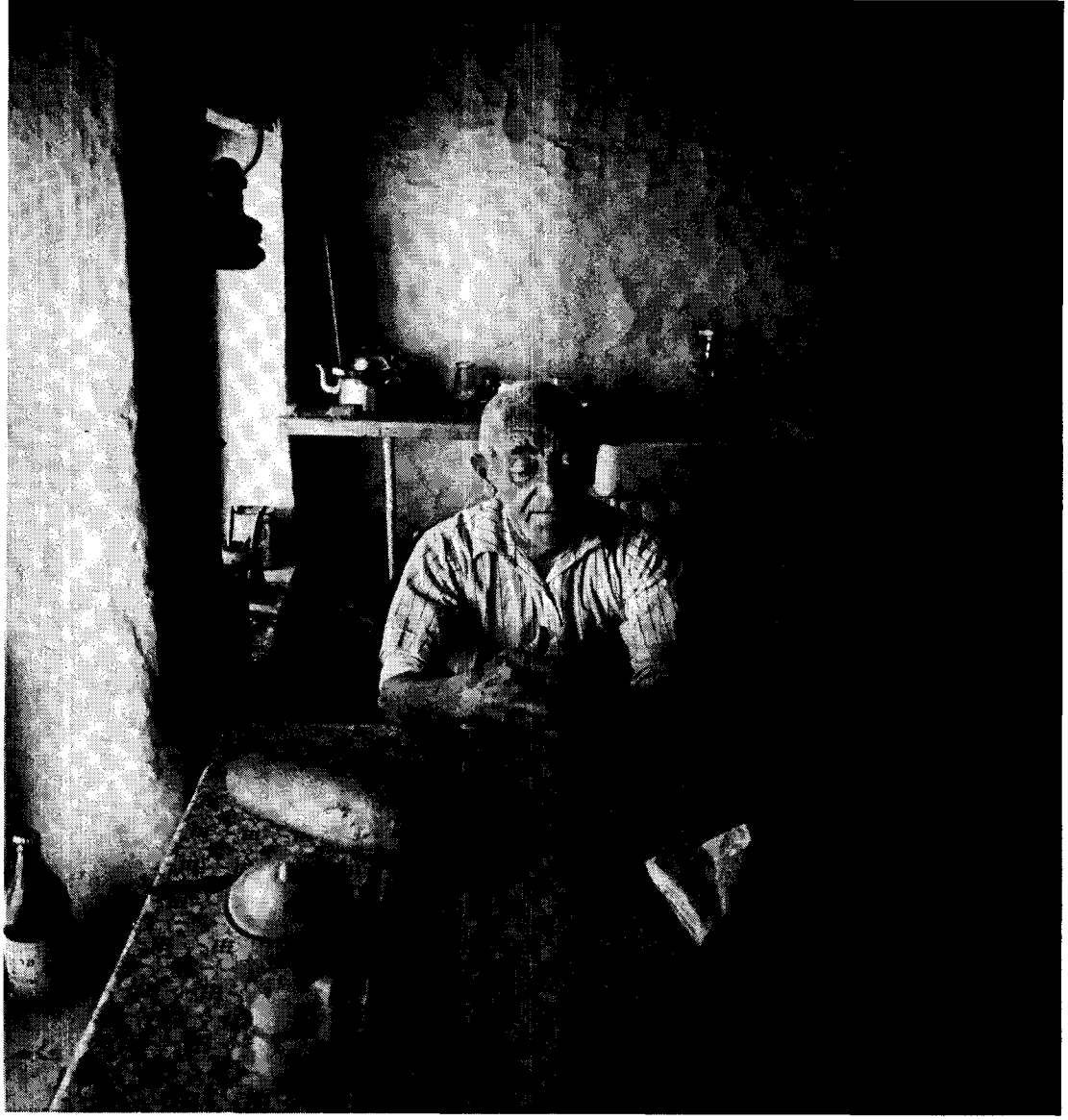

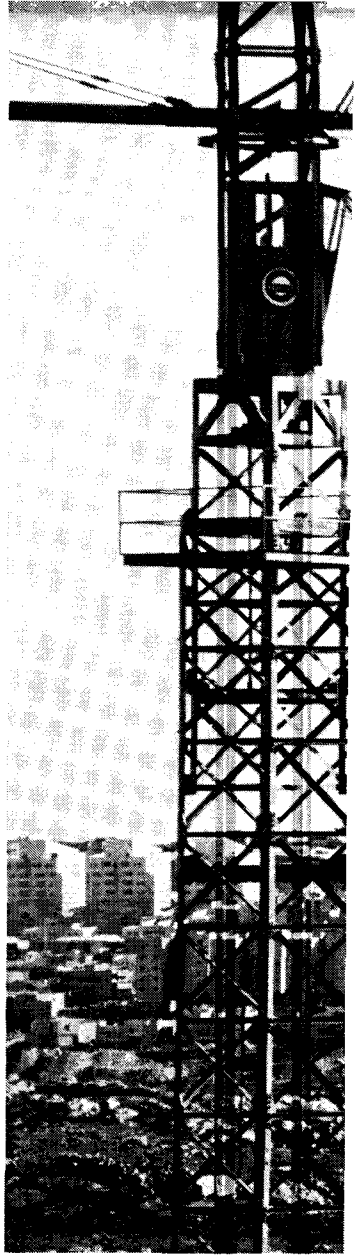

Images, past and present—" 'What matters is what Jews do, not what Gentiles say,' the late David Ben-Gurion used to point out. Most Israelis would agree."

Israelis and others insist that the link is contrived, that a worldwide oil shortage would have occurred even without the embargo. That explanation seems to beg the question. The connection appears valid to most people *politically*, and that is what counts.

The war also launched an exorbitantly expensive arms race in the Middle East. Both sides immediately began to rebuild their forces and to re-equip them with new and more costly weapons. Seeing its other aid channels closed, Israel turned to the United States with an urgent appeal for unprecedented amounts of arms and assistance.

In the three years since the war, that aid has totaled an awesome $7.1 billion, or nearly three times all the aid provided to Israel since 1948 (roughly $2.5 billion in government-to-government assistance). The most conservative projections indicate that Israel will continue to need an estimated $2.2 billion in aid per year for at least the next three years—or another $6.6 billion—to modernize her military machine.

Supporting Israel politically has also become a costly business. The United States has been forced to resort to its veto three times in the past three years to block clearly prejudicial anti-Israel resolutions in the U.N. Security Council. On most of these occasions, the United States has stood alone. Whenever Britain, France, and other European nations have rallied behind Israel diplomatically, they have faced additional strain in their relations with the Arab states, on whom they depend for much of their oil.

Thus, as the political price tag for siding with Israel increased dramatically after 1973, outside powers suddenly discovered that they had a vested, vital interest in maintaining stability in the Middle East. Since the oil-rich Arab states appeared to have the upper hand, most outsiders looked to Israel for the concessions that would prevent another conflict.

The United States also began questioning aspects of its Israeli policy as never before. William Scranton, then American ambassador to the United Nations, attacked Israel's policy of establishing settlements in the occupied Arab territories as "an obstacle to peace." Such blunt public criticism was rarely voiced between 1967 and 1973, even though Israel was busy building settlements during those years as well. The critical difference after 1973 was the war, the oil embargo, and the threat of a repetition of either or both.

Nonetheless, the United States has willingly and readily provided Israel with the aid she needed and seems likely

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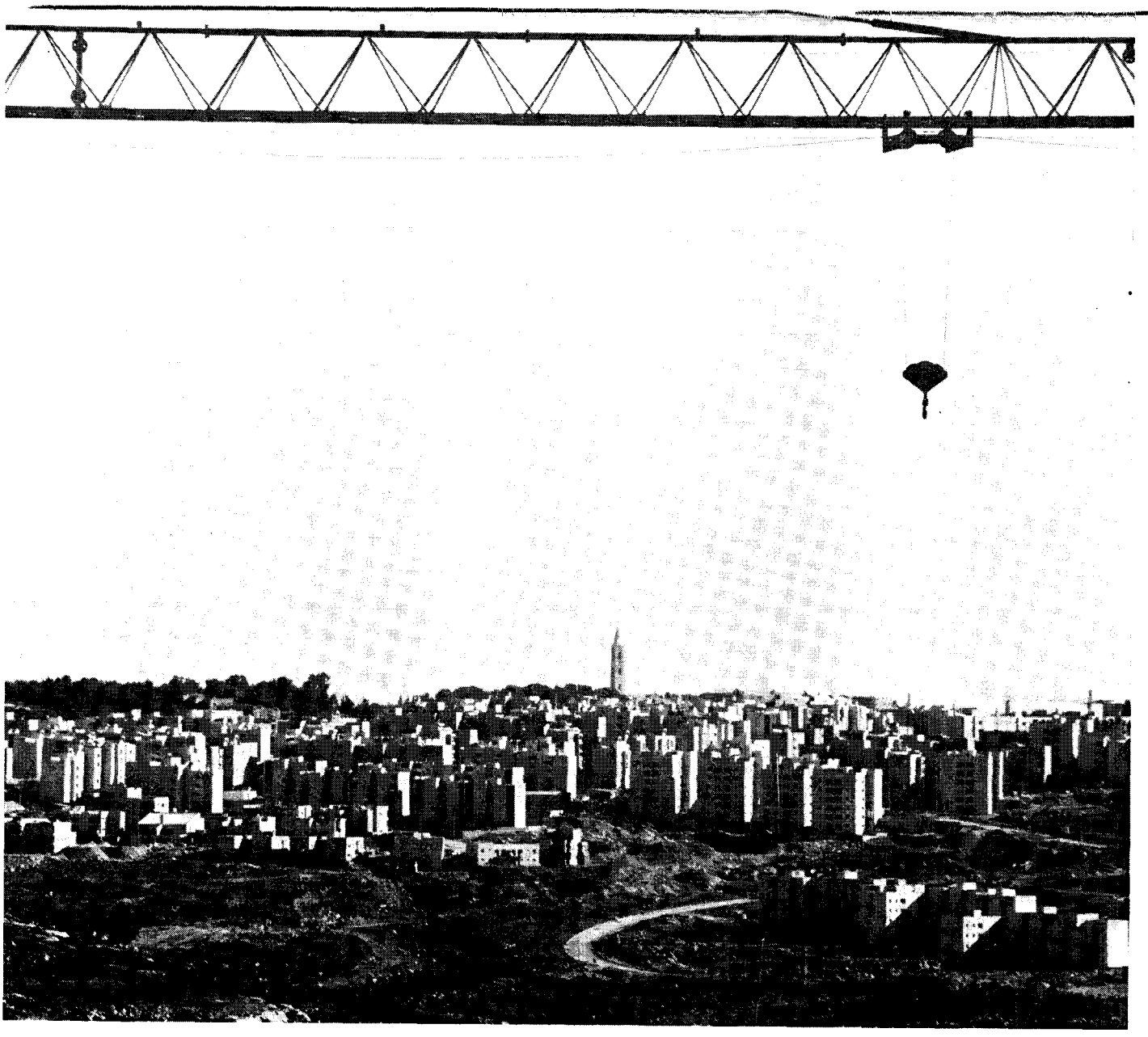

to continue doing so for the foreseeable future. In exchange for this support, Washington clearly is going to demand a greater voice in Israel's affairs.

Many Israelis perceive this shift in their geopolitical situation, but that perception has not yet led to a revised national policy toward the territories, negotiations, or concessions. The government is still following the basic outlines of its prewar policies. The differences between Rabin's strategy and that of former premier Golda Meir are differences of nuance and style, not of substance. The postwar realities have not hit home sufficiently to stimulate a fundamental reassessment of Israeli policy or the drawing up of a comprehensive Israeli peace plan that could become the backbone of a new negotiating initiative.

DESPITE the huge quantities of American assistance provided since 1973, Israelis today seem more skeptical than ever about the constancy and reliability of American support. Paradoxically, their cynicism has increased as the annual aid totals have risen. More and more, Israelis are convinced that it won't and can't last. The Israeli press corps stationed in Washington reports a "sellout" hidden beneath every American action. President Ford's reluctance to grant Israel its full measure of transitional "fifth quarter" aid in 1976, the State Department's contacts with the Palestine Liberation Organization over the evacuation of American refugees from war-torn Beirut—these were viewed in Israel as examples of the erosion of American support.

In part, this fatalism over American backing is a function of the Israeli mentality. Israelis harbor a "we versus they" view of the world that is the result of several factors: Jewish history past and present, the Holocaust, 28 years of living surrounded by hostile neighbors, four wars in Israel's first quarter-century as a state.

This "siege mentality" deeply colors the Israelis' thinking about their relationship with the rest of the world. In the final analysis, Israelis believe that they alone can and must be responsible for their own fate. Outsiders can be helpful in a given situation for a given period of time, but ultimately they are not to be trusted.

"What matters is what Jews do, not what Gentiles say," the late David Ben-Gurion used to point out. Most Israelis would agree.

One result of this thinking is the widely shared conviction that sooner or later American support for Israel will wane.

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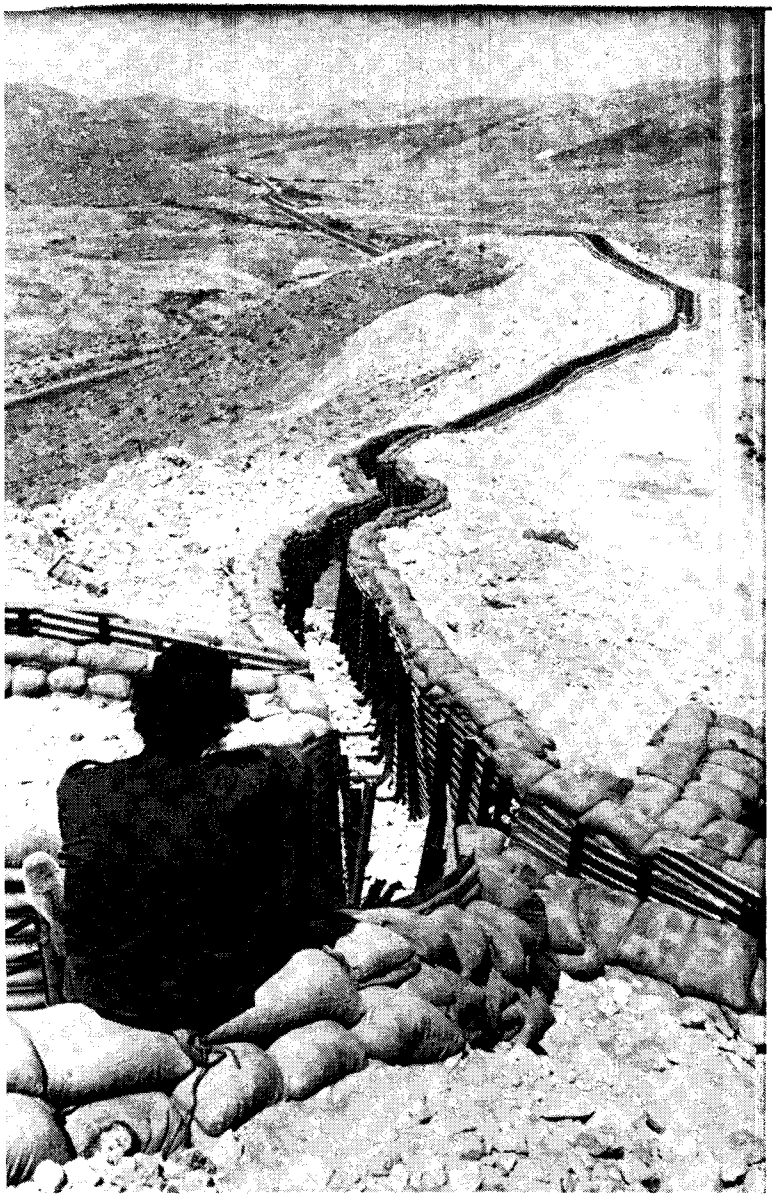

Line of defense in the Sinai—"It is the human obstacles that are the real stumbling blocks."

No one expects it tomorrow, but nearly everyone expects it eventually.

What will happen to Israel in such a situation? An Israeli official shrugged at the thought. "We'll just have to find another way to keep the ship afloat," he said.

"THE distinguishing characteristic of the first two years of the Rabin government," Yoel Marcus, the savvy and acerbic columnist for *Haaretz*, wrote last summer, "was its utter failure to prove that it exists."

The most frequently heard lament among the Israelis and Israel's friends abroad concerns the "leadership crisis." Israelis bemoan it in the press and in private. Henry Kissinger used to whisper *sotto voce* to the reporters on his plane about the lack of resolution among Israeli leaders. American Jewish officials worry about the drift and indecision they encounter on their visits to Jerusalem. It is all true, but two observations seem called for: first, the current mediocrity at the top is not limited to Israel; second, it is as much a failure of the Israeli political system as it is of the individuals who head it.

In an age of political pygmies, peopled by such colorless souls as Ford, Callahan, Schmidt, and Andreotti, most of whom have been or are in office by default or accident, is Yitzhak Rabin so much worse?

In fact, the fifty-four-year-old former army chief of staff and former ambassador to the United States is a man of considerable ability. It is true that he is a bland personality, a boring speaker, and a solitary decision-maker. But he also has a keen analytical mind and a sophisticated grasp of global trends. Neither hawk nor dove, he is a hardheaded pragmatist who is prepared to bargain with the Arabs and to make the kinds of concessions his predecessor would not have dared consider.

For all his strengths, Rabin has some crucial weaknesses. He is a heavy-handed politician who utterly lacks the ability to communicate his vision of Israel's future to the Israeli people. It is notable that even now, two and a half years after he took office, most Israelis are still not sure whether there *is* an identifiable Rabin policy on the major issues confronting Israel.

The Israelis' disaffection with their current crop of leaders has given rise to a new Ben-Gurion cult during the last year or so. Israelis who formerly criticized the controversial first premier now describe him in heroic terms.

Ben-Gurion, they remind you, was a man who had the courage to take on difficult decisions and the charisma to make them stick. His single-handed directive to withdraw from the Sinai after the 1956 campaign is often cited. It was a controversial decision at the time, but Ben-Gurion made it and then persuaded the rest of the country to go along. Today, with the advantage of hindsight, few Israelis regard that pullback as a shrewd move. But they openly hanker for the kind of decisive leadership Ben-Gurion displayed, even when he was wrong.

GOLDA MEIR, curiously, is not undergoing the same kind of political rehabilitation. Although she is more popular than ever abroad—she is received by presidents and prime ministers wherever she goes and has assumed the role of Jewish Grandmother to the world—a revisionist school of thought has recently grown up regarding Israel's only living former premier.

Instead of viewing her in the same nostalgic, larger-than-life terms as they do Ben-Gurion, many Israelis are beginning to wonder whether she ever had the equipment to be prime minister in the first place. It is Golda's stubborn intransigence that is recalled in conversations about her these days rather than her leadership or undeniable charisma. Increasingly, Israelis are remembering her as the architect of the hang-tough policies that led to the 1973 war rather than as the tower of strength she was during the war itself. A harsh judgment, perhaps, but one that seems to be gaining circulation in Israel.

IF, AS Kissinger and others have contended, the current Israeli government is unable to make decisions, the paralysis is primarily the result of the Byzantine political system that has evolved here over the past 28 years. Not even a Ben-Gurion could do much with a system based on 11 different parties with more than a dozen subdivisions, all of which are continually splintering and reconstituting themselves in new and more complicated alignments.

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Most of the parties are the linear and ideological descendants of the different factions of the pre-statehood Zionist movement. The centerpiece is the Labor party, which has dominated all the governments since 1948 but has never managed to win an absolute majority in the Knesset. It has always had to assemble a coalition of smaller parties from its left and right in order to govern. The result is the kind of Israeli government that exists today: a patchwork coalition of ideological opposites that includes doves and hawks, religious conservatives and secular liberals, capitalists and socialists, and, on the sensitive issue of occupied Arab territories, maximalists and minimalists.

Not surprisingly, such a government is often hamstrung by its own internal divisions. Even on seemingly simple domestic issues, it is often unable to agree on a policy, much less implement it. Many politically thorny problems are simply put off. Politics becomes the art of procrastination rather than the art of the possible.

The controversy over the unauthorized settlement at Camp Kaddum, in the occupied West Bank, is an example. Last winter, about 200 militantly religious and nationalistic Israelis established a rump settlement near Nablus to demonstrate their determination to retain the whole of the West Bank as part of "Greater Israel." Rabin and the more liberal members of his cabinet wanted to use the army to remove the would-be settlers, but hesitated for fear of the political implications of such a move. The religious and more hawkish ministers, including Defense Minister Shimon Peres, supported the settlers. The result was a compromise under which the settlers were moved "temporarily" to a military camp at Kaddum while the cabinet continued its deliberations.

Four months later, after a lengthy debate, the government decreed that the settlers had to move to a new site "at an early date." Nothing happened, however, and the Defense Ministry continued to support the settlers with basic services such as water and electricity and even set up a small manufacturing plant to provide on-the-spot employment. By December 1976, a full year after the settlement attempt began, the government's removal order had yet to be carried out. Faced with serious political friction within his own cabinet, Rabin elected to delay rather than act.

Given this pattern, is it any surprise that Israel finds it virtually impossible to decide upon more complex, long-term foreign-policy issues? If the government coalition is too divided to deal effectively with Camp Kaddum, how can it hope to agree on a policy for the whole of the West Bank or negotiations with Syria or a final border with Egypt? Any such attempt, Golda Meir once said, would bring on a "war of the Jews" that would divide the country.

In the long term, however, there can be no escaping such a national debate, no matter how painful. Israel will eventually have to decide what she wants and what she is prepared to give up to get it.

Such a fundamental debate could lead to the creation of new, more logical political constellations. Instead of 11 different parties contesting for power, three or four ideologically coherent groupings might emerge, and Israel might finally get a majority government capable of enforcing tough decisions. If so, the political cataclysm will have been well worth it.

IF THE Israeli political system is a paste-up, the cultural profile is no different. Coming as they do from 90-odd countries, speaking more than a score of native tongues, Israelis have always been a study in crazy-quilt diversity. For the first quarter-century of Israeli statehood, the European, or Ashkenazi, immigrants set the tone and established the tastes of the nation. In recent years, however, that has begun to change. The European mold is fading and Israelis are grad-

Arab and Israeli in the ruins of Siloah—"By the end of the century, there will be one million Arabs living within the borders of pre-1967 Israel. The problem of their full integration is going to intensify."

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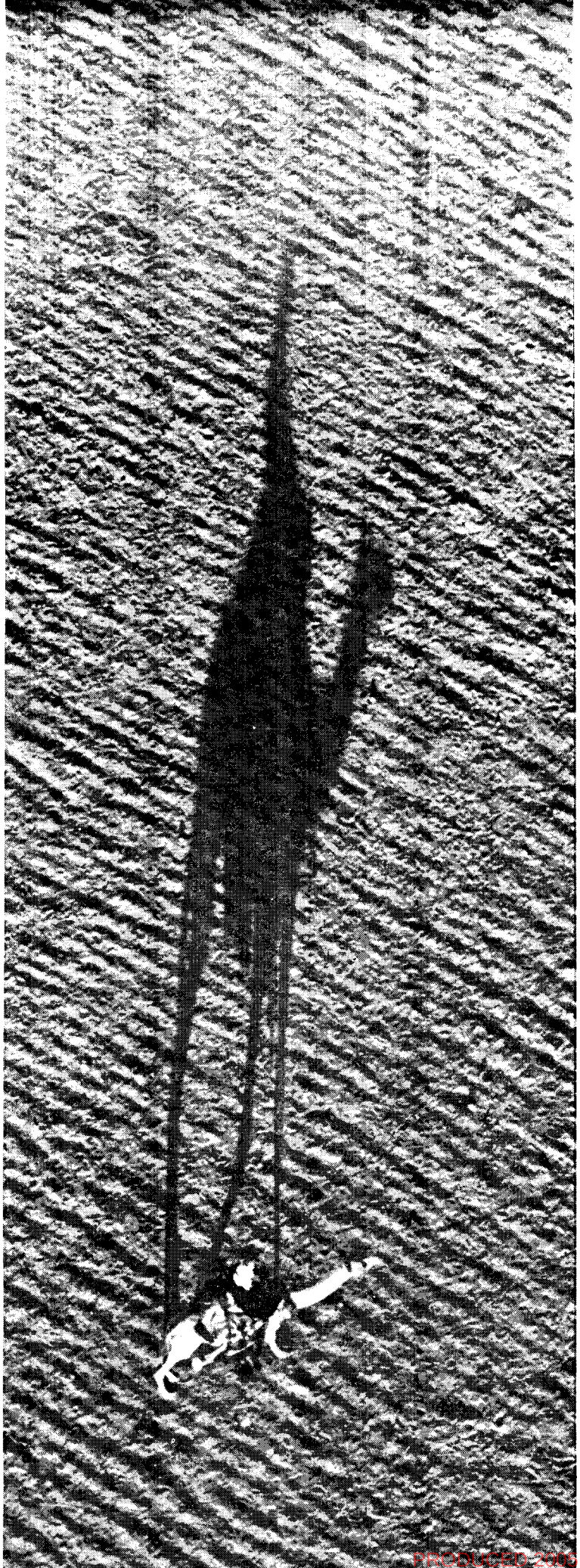

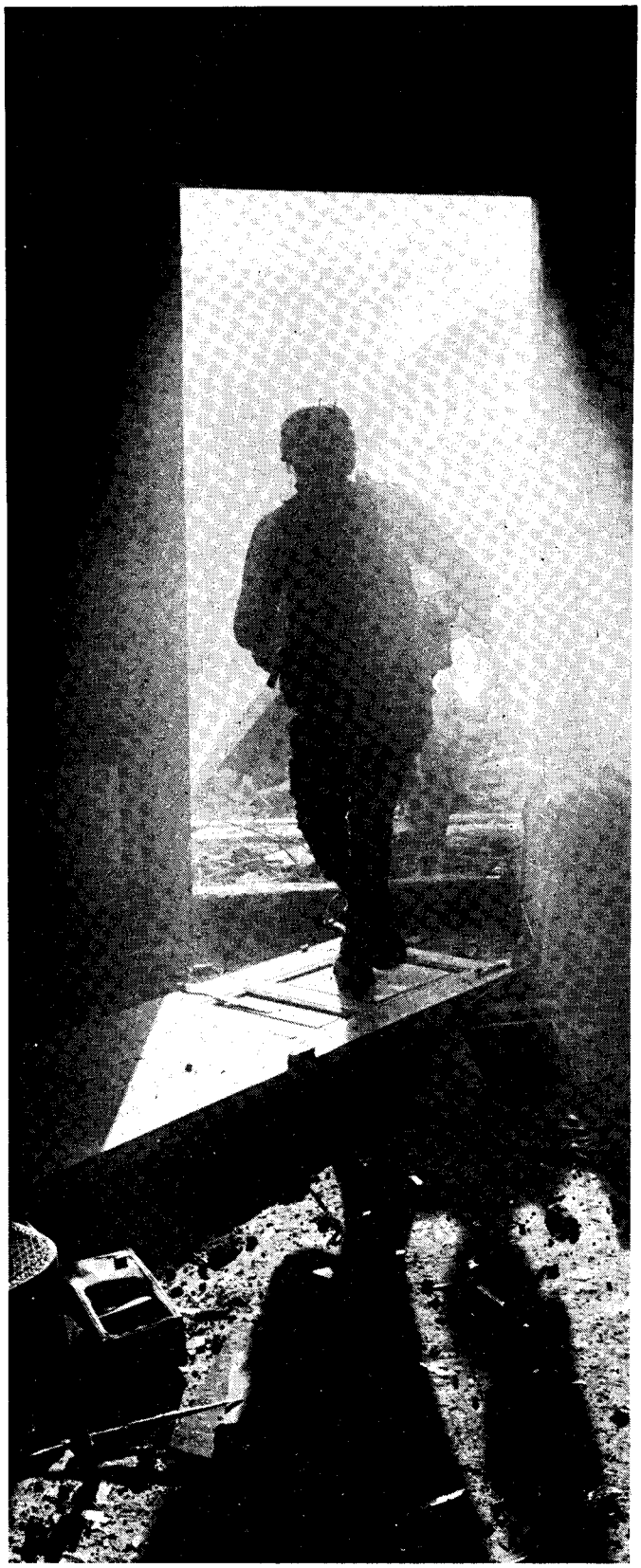

"It is not exaggerated patriotism that makes them fight so well. It is the gut feeling that Israel must win every war or face annihilation."

"No longer the brave young shapers of a society that made the desert bloom."

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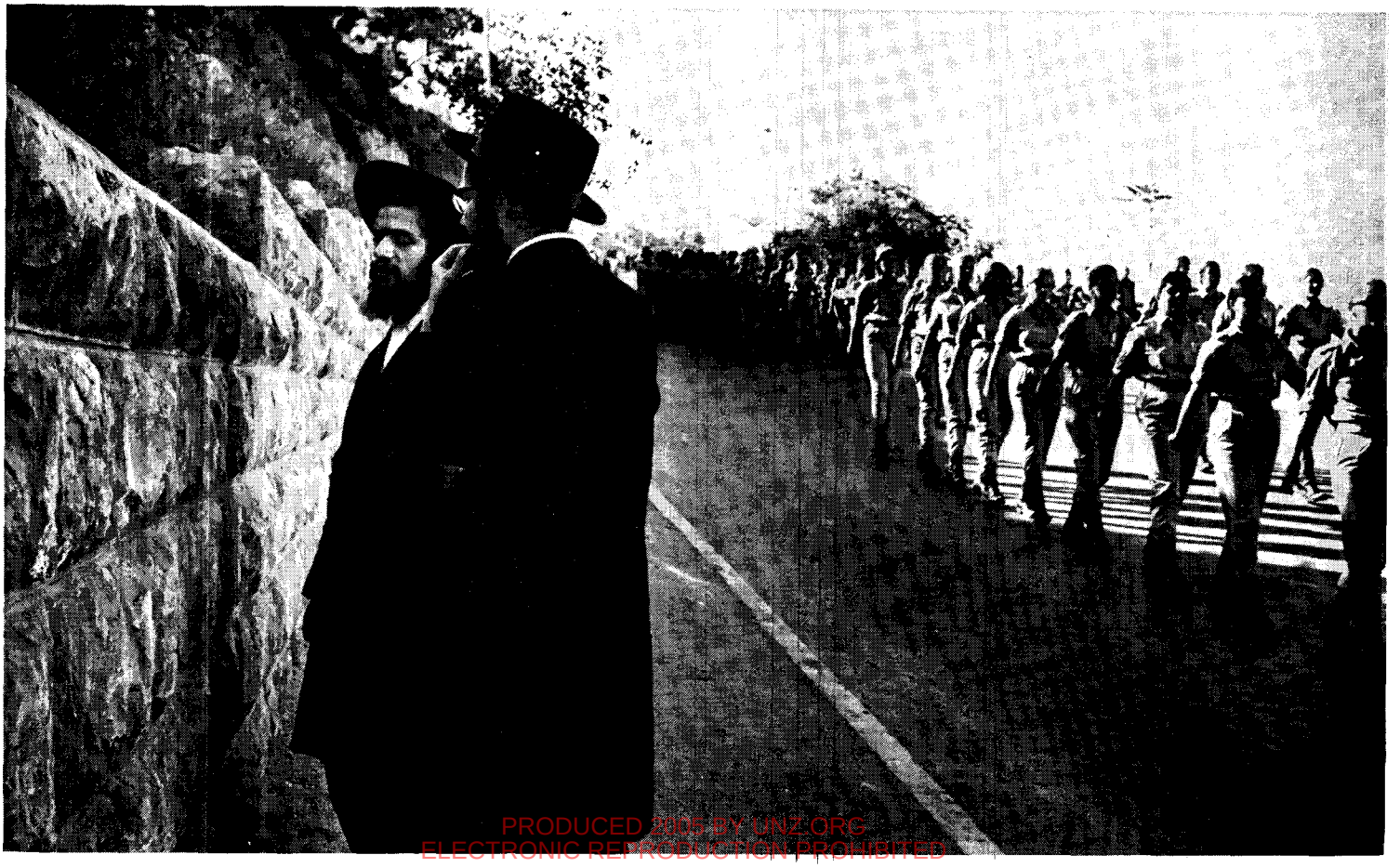
"Many parents decide to have three children, to increase the odds that at least two will survive."

"Israelis hear themselves described these days as stubborn, intransigent, unreasonable, and out of step with the rest of the world."



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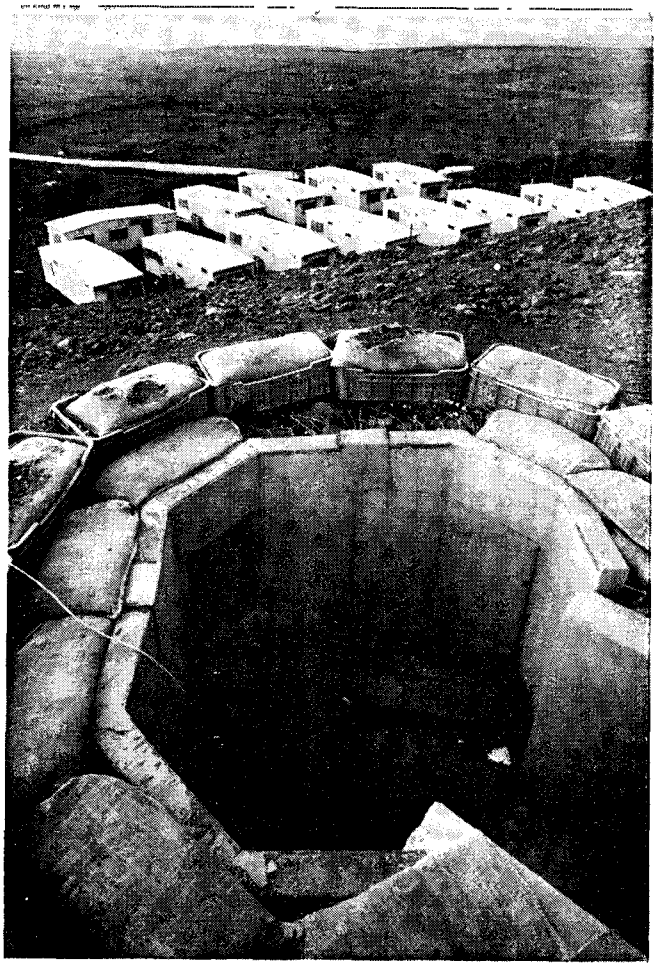

New kibbutz on the Golan Heights—"Politically thorny problems are simply put off."

ually becoming "Levantized"—if such a word can be made to exist.

The principal influence today is the cultural heritage of the Sephardic, or "Oriental," population—the immigrants from the Arab and north African countries who came to Israel in such large numbers in the 1950s.

The most popular foods, music, styles, and fads in recent years have been Sephardic-inspired. *Felafel-in-pita*, for example, has become virtually the Israeli national dish. It consists of deep-fried balls of *houmous*, or mashed chick-peas, served inside a half loaf of *pita*, the flat, round Arab bread. Sometimes it is topped with a spicy "Oriental" salad made of the red peppers that are the staple of Arab cooking. *Shish kebab*, *shashlik*, *shwarma*—they are all Levantine foods that have become Israeli by adoption. Gefilte fish and *tzimmes* have given way to *houmous* and *tehina*.

Israeli music, too, has an "Oriental" flavor. The most popular singers are Sephardic, and many of them affect the sensuous, undulating sounds they first heard in the Arab countries in which they or their parents were born. Invariably, this is the music that pours out of taxicab radios and cheap bars and restaurants, not the Bach or the Mahler on Israel's classical-music channel.

The cultural cross-fertilization extends even to appearance. The dark-skinned, long-haired young men in skintight body shirts and pipestem trousers who clog the sidewalks of Jerusalem's Jaffa Road on a Saturday night *look* Arab. An outsider would have trouble distinguishing them from a similar street crowd in Beirut or even in the former Jordanian sector of East Jerusalem.

"These can't be Jews," an obviously startled American Jewish friend said one night as we pushed through a crowd emerging from a Jerusalem cinema. Assured that they were, he shook his head in wonderment. "But *I* don't have anything to do with them," he said, "nor *they* with me."

IN FACT, the Sephardim are now in the majority in Israel. They have grown from 15 percent of the Jewish population in 1948 to roughly 55 percent today. This three-and-a-half-fold increase is the result of their high birthrate—4.6 per thousand as compared to 2.8 for European Israelis—and their mass immigration to Israel in the early 1950s from Iraq, Morocco, Yemen, and other Arab states.

Though they are in the majority, politically the Sephardim lag far behind the East European Jews, who founded the Labor-Zionist movement, immigrated to Israel in the early years of the century, and still retain a firm grip on the levers of power. In almost every economic and social category—income, housing, education—the figures for the Sephardic population are much closer to those of the Israeli Arab community than they are to those of the Ashkenazi "establishment."

Moreover, the split between the Sephardic and Ashkenazi populations seems to be growing rather than diminishing. In part, this is a consequence of Israel's current economic squeeze. Dozens of social programs aimed at improving the social status of the Sephardim have been reduced or eliminated altogether in the latest austerity budgets.

The Sephardic resentment of this situation has been remarkably mild over the years. The Sephardim are generally deeply committed Israelis who share the same basic anxieties about the state with the rest of the population. The periodic wars and the continuing external threat to the country have made it seem unpatriotic to cry discrimination at home.

This relative passivity has faded in recent years, however, and has given way to a new, aggressive self-consciousness among the Sephardic population. There have been violent riots over inadequate housing in the Sephardic slums of Tel Aviv, as well as urgent demands that the government take steps to give the majority its fair share.

A new bitterness also seems to have grown up in the personal relations between individual Sephardic and Ashkenazi Israelis. The jokes told by both groups at the expense of the other have become more acerbic, more biting. So, too, have the casual, everyday confrontations on the street. A young Ashkenazi lawyer once told me of his experience when he came across a minor traffic collision in the heart of Jerusalem. Two cars had managed to lock bumpers at an intersection and the drivers, both Sephardic, were out in the street hollering at each other. Since their cars were blocking his way, my Ashkenazi friend got out of his car and walked forward to see if he could stop the argument.

"Before I could open my mouth," he recalled, "they both turned on me in fury. They took one look at my face and my clothes and suddenly they had a common enemy."

The two Sephardim pushed my friend back against his car, waving their fists and shouting in his face. A moment later, a policeman arrived on the scene and broke up the argument before anyone was hurt.

"What startled me," my friend said, "was the fact that I was such an automatic, instinctive target."

Such incidents have become increasingly frequent as the social gap between the two communities has become more

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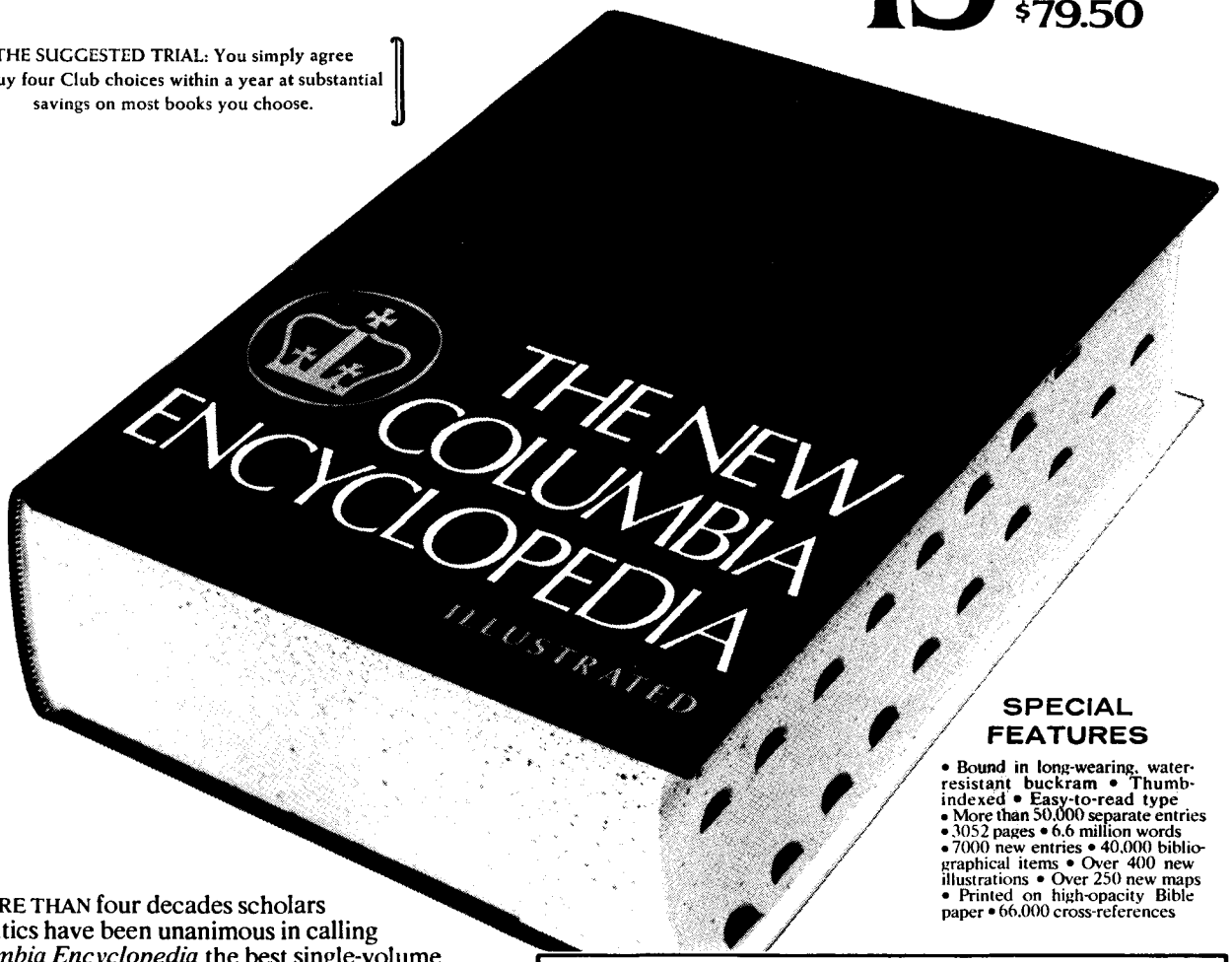

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"Living in this kind of an atmosphere, a nation finds certain unthinkable options thinkable, including the use of nuclear weapons."

glaring. The Israeli melting pot has not yet boiled over, but it is obvious that it will do so soon unless concrete steps are taken to heal the rift.

ANOTHER group of Israelis that has begun to find its collective voice recently is the 450,000-strong Israeli Arab community. These are the Arabs of Israel proper, as opposed to the one million Arabs living in the occupied territories. They stayed behind in 1948 when the rest of the Arab population fled Palestine on the eve of the War of Independence.

In the years since, they have become Israeli citizens, with the right to vote, hold office, own property, publish their own newspapers, and send their children to schools where the instruction is in Arabic. Their educational and economic status has improved dramatically in the past 28 years, but they feel nonetheless that they remain second-class citizens.

The statistics tell part of the story: Israeli Arabs comprise 15 percent of the population, but hold only 6 seats in the 120-seat Knesset and constitute only 3 percent of Israel's university students. With their high birthrate, they are expected to double their numbers in 17 years, as opposed to 44 years for the Jewish population. By the end of the century, there will be one million Arabs living within the borders of pre-1967 Israel.

Thus, the problem of their full integration is going to intensify in the future. As it is today, Israeli Arabs are a people apart. Most live in 107 exclusively Arab villages in the northern part of the country and rarely mix with Jewish Israelis. It would be rare to find Israeli Arab and Jewish families in the same apartment block in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem.

Until 1966, the Israeli Arab villages were under military rule and their residents needed a permit from an Israeli military governor to travel from one part of the country to another. These restrictions have been removed, but each government ministry continues to maintain a separate "Arab department" to deal with the "Arab mentality." To the irritation of Israel's Arabs, these special departments are staffed by Arabic-speaking Jews, not by Arabs.

On the plus side, the illiteracy rate of Israeli Arabs has plunged in the past 28 years from nearly 90 percent to less than 10 percent. Their standard of living has risen impressively, too, as the government has brought paved roads, electricity, running water, and telephones to the once impoverished villages.

None of this, however, has satisfied the Israeli Arabs' search for a genuine identity. On the contrary, the better off and better educated they have become, the more their political and national self-consciousness has increased.

The watershed in this continuing process came in 1967. After 20 years of cultural isolation the barriers came down with the Six-Day War, and Israeli Arabs were suddenly reunited with their Palestinian cousins on the West Bank of the Jordan. The impact was traumatic. In most cases, it convinced Israeli Arabs that they were Palestinians first, Arabs second, and Israelis by historical accident.

Their political awakening accelerated again after the 1973 war. The initial Arab successes in that round of fighting generated almost as much enthusiasm in Nazareth, the largest Israeli Arab town, as they did in Amman or elsewhere in the Arab world. The image of the Arabs as fighters was restored and gave them a renewed sense of national pride. Egypt's successful assault across the Suez Canal early in the war moved Toufik Zayad, now the mayor of Nazareth, to write an epic poem entitled *The Great Crossing*.

This pent-up emotion finally spilled over in a score of Israeli Arab villages last spring in a violent day of rioting that left six persons dead and many more wounded. The immediate cause of the rioting was a government plan to expropriate Arab land in Galilee, but the fierce emotion behind the demonstrations reflected on a deeper level the accumulated grievances of Israel's Arabs and their renewed sense of Palestinian identity.

Startled by the riots, the government established a special ministerial committee to examine the causes and suggest a solution. The result was an ambitious plan to integrate Israel's Arabs more fully into Israeli society. It calls for greater governmental assistance to the Arab villages, better schools, improved social services, and the creation of an 80-man public council, half Arab, half Jewish, to advise on policy and resolve conflicting land claims.

The plan reads well on paper. But the degree to which it will be implemented remains to be seen. To succeed, it will have to overcome the full generation of discrimination, mutual suspicion, and hostility that separates Jewish and Arab Israelis.

Not all Israelis are optimistic about the plan's chances of success. Rabin himself seemed to reflect a certain resignation about the situation in a recent conversation.

"The problem for the Israeli Arabs," he said, "is that they live in this country but share the political sentiments of the Arab states around us. Their residence is here, but their sympathy is there. The only solution is for them to face the fact that Israel is a Jewish state with a Jewish destiny."

WHENEVER the subject of Israel's destiny is raised, the discussion often turns to the Holocaust. For some Israelis, it is the real justification for the existence of a Jewish state—the creation of a haven where such a catastrophe can never again occur.

The Holocaust is a living memory in this country, a central theme that is evoked over and over—in literature, on television, in the schools—to ensure that the generation of native-born, sabra Israelis does not forget what happened in the concentration camps and gas chambers.

It also comes up continually in the conversations of ordinary Israelis, many of whom still bear a tattooed number on their forearms. Just before leaving Israel, I noticed one on the heavily muscled arm of Shlomo, the head of the moving crew that packed our household goods. He was a short, powerfully built man of fifty-two, with six grandchildren and an outwardly sunny view of life, despite his experiences. When I asked him about the number, he told me his story in a relaxed, matter-of-fact tone, as though he were talking about something that had happened to a distant relative.

Born in Salonika, Shlomo was eighteen when the Nazis

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overran Greece and shipped most of the 70,000 people in the Greek Jewish community north to concentration camps. He and the other members of his large family were sent to Auschwitz. The SS commandant of the camp at the time was a boxing fan who often amused himself by staging matches between the Jewish inmates. Shlomo, who had been a local champion in Salonika, easily defeated all comers and thereby gave the commandant an idea.

While the other inmates, including all of Shlomo's family, were being sent to the gas chambers, Shlomo was forced to accompany the commandant on a "tour" of the other concentration camps in Poland and Germany.

"I was his own personal fighting cock," Shlomo said. "He bet heavily on me and made a lot of money." Because of his fists, Shlomo managed to survive until the end of the war and eventually to make his way to Israel.

Stories like that crop up continually. Another Israeli friend, a young woman born in 1946, is the child of a match made in Auschwitz. Her Czech father and Hungarian mother met in the camp and fell in love there.

When the camp was liberated, they went back to the mother's village in Hungary to find her family and pick up the threads of her life there. What they found when they arrived was worse than anything either of them had imagined. Nothing was left. The mother's large family had been wiped out. Even their home had been razed. Emotionally devastated and unable to start life again in Hungary, the two survivors went to Israel and began a new life there.

Given this sort of experience, which so many older Israelis have suffered personally, it is no wonder that they collectively share what has been called a "Masada complex." A better name would be the "Holocaust complex," since that ordeal is more real and immediate to most Israelis than the historical account of the Jewish Zealots who committed mass suicide in their desert fortress in A.D. 73 rather than submit to certain execution at the hands of the Romans.

Regardless of what it is called, it is a very real and recognizable facet of the Israeli national psychology. It is the determination not to be overrun, not to give in, to choose suicide before destruction. The attitude manifests itself in a variety of ways. It partly explains the performance of Israeli soldiers on the battlefield. It is not exaggerated patriotism or special courage that makes them fight so well. It is the gut feeling that Israel must win every war or face national annihilation.

Arabs at farming exhibit—"Palestinians first, Arabs second, Israelis by historical accident."

The four wars that Israel has fought in the past 28 years have taken their toll on Israeli society. They have produced a certain fatalism among the young who are about to enter the armed forces that they may be killed before their three years of national service are up. Some of them ask themselves out loud why they should work hard to get good grades in high school. "What if I'm killed?" the army-age son of a neighbor asked. "I will have missed my chance to have some fun."

Parents are equally affected. Many decide to have three children, to increase the odds that at least two will survive. Rationally or irrationally, they feel they have to build in an extra measure of "insurance" against the possibility that one may die in battle. The result is a pronounced baby boom after each war, with many of the children born to women in their late thirties and forties.

LIVING in this kind of an atmosphere, a nation finds certain unthinkable options thinkable, including the use of nuclear weapons.

Has Israel actually got the bomb? As a matter of fact, I don't know. As a matter of intuition, I am sure she does.

Technologically, there seem to be no insurmountable obstacles. The country has two major reactors and abundant nuclear expertise. When Israeli leaders are asked about Israel's nuclear policy, they invariably fall back on a carefully phrased and well-worn reply: "Israel will not be the first to introduce nuclear weapons to the Middle East." That statement contains some obvious semantic loopholes. Israel would not be "the first" if you count the nuclear warheads aboard United States and Soviet naval vessels in the Mediterranean. Nor would the assembly of such weapons, short of actual use, necessarily constitute "introducing" them to the area.

My assumption is that Israel already has or could easily produce deliverable nuclear weapons on very short notice: a "bomb in the basement" capacity if not actual deployment. It is an assumption based on intuition, not secret information. But to turn the question around: How could a responsible government in Israel's situation, possessing the necessary technical skill, *not* equip itself to the fullest limits of its capability?

Using a nuclear weapon in an area as confined as the Middle East would almost certainly be suicidal. But, given the psychological factors mentioned above, that does not remove it from the realm of possibility.

THE *Times* correspondent who replaced me in Israel came to the Middle East in an ostensibly quiet period, at least as far as the Israeli-Arab dispute is concerned. Israelis and foreigners there are almost unanimous in the view that there will not be another war in the near future. I hope my successor doesn't take that literally and conclude that he will have a quiet, uneventful tour of duty. That's what I thought four years ago. ◉

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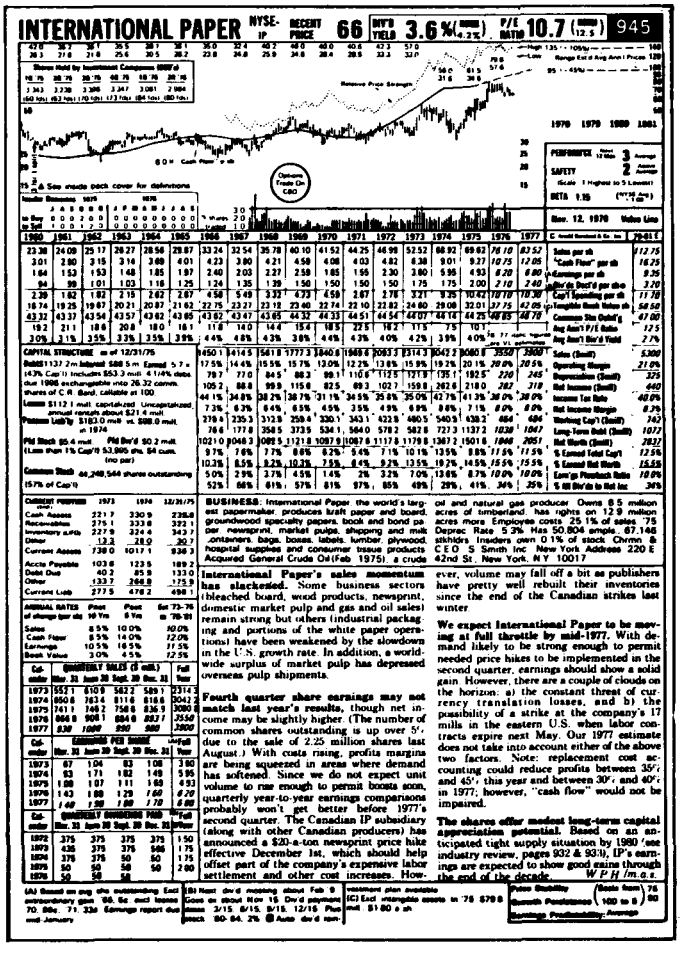
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International Paper's sales momentum has slackened. Some business sectors (bleached board, wood products, newsprint, domestic market pulp and gas and oil sales) remain strong but others (industrial packaging and portions of the white paper operations) have been weakened by the slowdown in the U.S. growth rate. In addition, a worldwide surplus of market pulp has depressed overseas pulp shipments.

Fourth quarter share earnings may not match last year's results, though net income may be slightly higher. (The number of common shares outstanding is up over 5% due to the sale of 2.25 million shares last August.) With costs rising, profits margins are being squeezed in areas where demand has softened. Since we do not expect unit volume to rise enough to permit boosts soon, quarterly year-to-year earnings comparisons probably won't get better before 1977's second quarter. The Canadian IP subsidiary (along with other Canadian producers) has announced a $20-a-ton newsprint price hike effective December 1st, which should help offset part of the company's expensive labor settlement and other cost increases. However, volume may fall off a bit as publishers have pretty well rebuilt their inventories since the end of the Canadian strikes last winter.

We expect International Paper to be moving at full throttle by mid-1977. With demand likely to be strong enough to permit needed price hikes to be implemented in the second quarter, earnings should show a solid gain. However, there are a couple of clouds on the horizon: a) the constant threat of currency translation losses, and b) the possibility of a strike at the company's 17 mills in the eastern U.S. when labor contracts expire next May. Our 1977 estimate does not take into account either of the above two factors. Note: replacement cost accounting could reduce profits between 35% and 45% this year and between 30% and 40% in 1977; however, "cash flow" would not be impaired.

The shares offer modest long-term capital appreciation potential. Based on an anticipated tight supply situation by 1980 (see industry review, pages 932 & 933), IP's earnings are expected to show good gains through the end of the decade.

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By War Possessed

Winners and Losers:
Battles, Retreats, Gains, Losses and Ruins from a Long War
by Gloria Emerson
Random House, 406 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by C.D.B. Bryan

I ONCE found myself in a New York City town house, alone with its owner, a "television personality" whose wife had committed suicide several months earlier, whose television contract had been canceled, and whose children, it was rumored, were on the verge of grave troubles with the police. He was closing up his house, preparing to move out. On the bookshelf was a Norden bombsight. He began to speak about the World War II myth of that instrument's infallibility. What commenced as conversation became a lecture, then a harangue, and finally a rage. As he talked he would finger the bombsight's black metal case, hold it, turn it in his hands. He couldn't leave the bombsight alone. He was clearly a good man, a decent man, bewildered and stricken by what had occurred, and I remained willing to listen for as long as he wished because what he was saying had nothing to do with bombsights and everything to do with pain and terror and corporate insensitivity and loneliness. I worried that he was having a nervous breakdown in front of me, a stranger, and I didn't know what I could do to help—except listen. So I listened to him. I suspect that many of the people with whom Gloria Emerson spoke in the course of writing *Winners and Losers* felt much the same way.

Harold Chapman
Gloria Emerson—"On a tightrope between abysmal madness and pain."

I have never met Gloria Emerson, but I think of her as a friend. The community of writers—especially those who have attempted to write at length about the Vietnam War—is not so large that one is unaware of another's anguish and rage. Many times during the past several years other writers, editors, friends on *The New York Times*, have expressed to me their concern for Gloria Emerson. She had become a Vietnam casualty, they said. Her "Vietnam book" was "driving her over the brink." They were wrong. Now that I have read *Winners and Losers*, I believe that writing the book was the only way for her to remain sane. Those, like Gloria Emerson, whom the war truly touched inevitably became obsessed by what they had seen and what the war had done. It is as important to recognize the merit and dignity in such obsessions as it is to be aware of the danger. One who is obsessed too easily becomes possessed. Take a look at this passage from Miss Emerson's very first page:

> In Saigon a North Vietnamese infantryman, captured in the south and then freed, had sat in my room at the Hotel Continental—room 53—describing the months his company had walked down the Ho Chi Minh trail. Viet Cong, the Americans called them all, VC, or Charlie when they were fighting them. On the field radios they called the enemy Victor Charlie, or just Charlie. Now Charlie is the name of a perfume by Revlon, but no one seems to mind or even notice, any more than they object to a perfume called Ambush.

The author's "voice" seems knowledgeable, authoritative enough, even restrained. I had to read that passage twice before I discovered what it was that had triggered an alarm. It was that totally superfluous detail, the "room 53" that had seemingly bubbled out of Miss Emerson's subconscious as involuntarily and as revealingly as a facial tic. I then realized that I had seen Revlon's Charlie perfume commercial countless times on TV and not once had I associated the product with the Viet Cong. Was I insensitive? I don't think so. I eat Quaker Oats and I don't then think of the American Friends Service Committee. I don't mean to make light of Miss Emerson's point; I mean only to indicate the degree of her rage and the intensity of the war's grip on her.

"WHAT is your methodology?" a famous MIT professor asked Miss Emerson when she said she was "writing a book on what the war had done to Americans." "He did not see the joke," she explains, "when I told him half the book would be blank, to show there was no effect at all. Twenty-four states, I said, three years of interviews. He said it did not seem a precise or serious way to go about it. Most of the time I wandered about, talking to those who would talk to me."

A letter from Luong, Miss Emerson's Vietnamese interpreter and friend, "put into words," she writes, "what the trouble was, what I had refused to admit. He said that whenever there was time, he and the reporters, the ones I knew and others who came after, would talk about me: 'All have this remark about you: you are the only one who cannot overcome your Vietnam experience. There is an acute lack of forgetfulness in you about Vietnam, we think.' "

"It is important," Miss Emerson tells us, "to remember to spell the names correctly, to know the provinces, before we are persuaded that none of it happened, that none of us were in such places."

The places. Room 53. And Doc Duc, where she sees Smith & Wesson handcuffs on a captured nurse and on a girl of sixteen. Or the 45th Surgical Hospital, where a frightened-to-death nineteen-year-old GI loses both his legs. Or New York City, where, she writes, "the pleasant woman asked me what I had worn to the officers' dances. The question did not make me

C.D.B. Bryan is the author of Friendly Fire.

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smile." It is important to remember the bedroom of the veteran from Palatine, Illinois, in which he keeps a Vietnamese skull with a decal on its forehead reading "The Grateful Dead." And Danang, where Miss Emerson speaks with a twelve-year-old boy and an eleven-year-old girl, both of whom are prisoners of war.

Miss Emerson first went to Vietnam in 1956, and, like the man with his Norden bombsight, she could not leave it alone. Again and again she went back. And although in *Winners and Losers* she succeeds brilliantly in exposing what the war did to Americans (and, God knows, to the Vietnamese), what I found most moving was the obvious evidence of what the war had done to Miss Emerson herself. Her book dances with such exquisite agility on a tightrope between abysmal madness and pain that she recreates exactly our nation's schizophrenia throughout those endless, dreadful years.

Why do books on Vietnam go unread? Why are we so determined to forget? Albert Lee Reynolds writes to Miss Emerson: "A few—a small group in this massive country—have been driven mad by Vietnam. And the rest of this country has learned nothing. Nobody wants to listen. It's really too ugly for the mind to comprehend." America *has* listened, I think. It is the people of this nation, not the politicians, who ended the Vietnam War. It is the people of this nation who kept us out of Angola. Enough people cared and still do. There is a vast army of Americans all over this country who will see to it that a Vietnam does not happen again. Just because they may not want to listen does not mean they have not heard. The war presented an image of this country and ourselves that we cannot be comfortable with. It is easier to turn away.

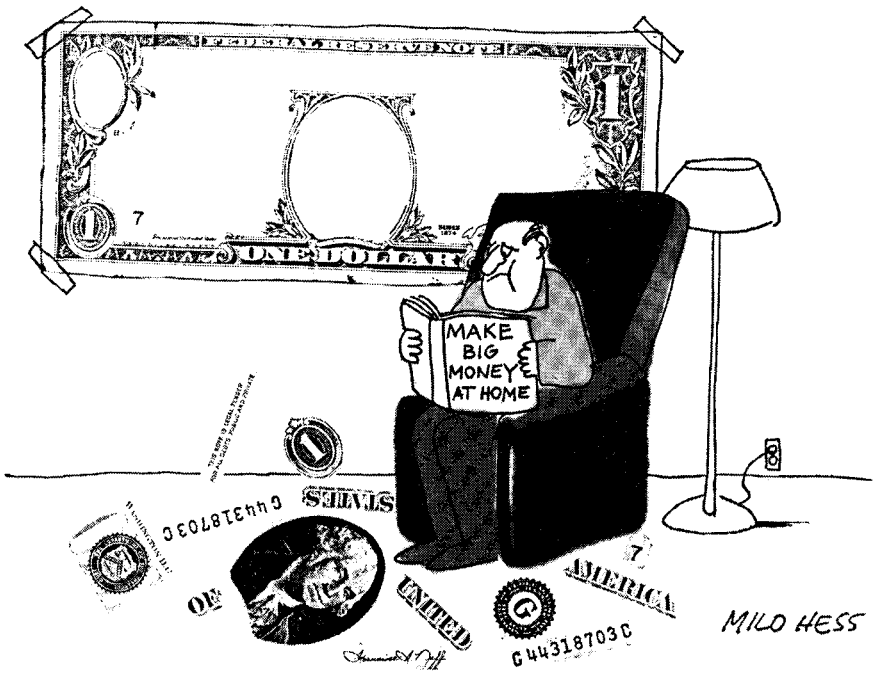
Miss Emerson quotes portions of a talk given by the historian Arthur Waskow in which he says: "The war was a great flash of lightning. There we were, sleepwalking in the thick, thick dark, a dark so thick you could touch it, a dark so thick it was the dark itself we kept bumping into. . . . And then the war: lighting up the knife-edge of the military institutions, lighting up the pit of corporate power, lighting up the ferocity of racism, sexism, lighting up the destruction of the biosphere. In the glare of the lightning we discovered what country we live in."

Miss Emerson's book is filled with images illuminated and frozen by the cold brilliance of that flash: the three Vietnam Veterans Against the War defendants at the Gainesville Eight trial who trigger the courtroom's metal detector because of shrapnel still buried within their bodies. The medic who removes from a dead enemy soldier's clothing the photograph of a tiny Vietnamese girl holding two huge paper flowers. Super-patriots who telephone abuse and respond, "Never you mind who this is!" A badly wounded soldier recovering in a field hospital who asks his doctor, "Will my parents treat me the same?" The mother who shows a photograph of her Canada-exiled son and asks, "He doesn't look like a criminal, does he?" The officer at the Naval War College who muses sadly that sportswriters cover athletic contests and asks why they send the wrong people to cover wars. The GI combat-scene postcards on sale in Saigon: "Mine detecting," "Street fighting," "Night convoy moving cautiously." The 500 Fort Wayne, Indiana, parishioners who respond to the 1972 Christmas bombing of Hanoi by taking their Christmas tree from the altar and crushing its branches, its fragile and delicate decorations and lights, then stuffing the debris into a box and mailing it to Nixon at Key Biscayne.

The parents of Joseph Humber, Jr., receive a telegram stating: "YOUR SON WAS WOUNDED IN ACTION IN VIETNAM ON 19 OCTOBER 1969 BY FRAGMENTS FROM A BOOBY TRAP. HE RECEIVED WOUNDS TO BOTH LEGS, BOTH ARMS, THE CHEST, FACE, ABDOMEN AND GROIN AREA WITH TRAUMATIC AMPUTATION OF THE RIGHT LEG BELOW THE KNEE AND TRAUMATIC AMPUTATION OF THE LEFT LEG ABOVE THE KNEE. HE HAS BEEN PLACED ON THE VERY SERIOUSLY ILL LIST AND IN THE JUDGMENT OF THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN HIS CONDITION IS OF SUCH SEVERITY THAT THERE IS CAUSE FOR CONCERN." Surprisingly, their son recovers and is at his parents' Westborough, Massachusetts, home when Gloria Emerson visits the Humbers. The son, called "Teddy" by the family, is at the table with them when Mrs. Humber says: "I think I can be very truthful, I think most people will tell you the same. We realized there was a war on, we thought it was horrible, but actually you don't realize how horrible it is until it involves one of your own. I think any mother will tell you the same thing. Even the people in Westborough didn't realize the horrors of the war until Teddy was killed."

Only Gloria Emerson noticed that Mrs. Humber had said her son Teddy was *killed.*

Miss Emerson mentions that her family were inveterate keepers of scrapbooks. *Winners and Losers* is her scrapbook about the Vietnam War. One reads it as if reading her mind, sees her restlessly turning pages, being seized by a particularly vivid image, moving to her typewriter to punch its keys with a cold, hard fury. There is only one side to this book; you will not find any Viet Cong atrocities, any savagery on the part of the enemy. "We have met the enemy," Walt Kelly's Pogo said, "and he is us." Don't condemn Miss Emerson's one-sidedness without having read her book. Only then will you understand that it is written out of love for this country and with the single-minded fury of one who has seen her love betrayed. ◉



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Mule Talk in Yoknapatawpha County

Selected Letters of William Faulkner
Edited by Joseph Blotner
Random House, 473 pp., $15

Reviewed by John W. Aldridge

WILLIAM FAULKNER was notorious for his capacity for whiskey and silence at social gatherings, and conversation with him was further inhibited by the existence of certain rules governing what one could talk to him about. It was well known that he loved hunting, fishing, farming, flying, good bourbon, expensive tweeds, pipe tobacco, and—not necessarily in order of importance—pretty young women. But he was said to loathe literary discussion and could be rude or just silent if asked about his own work. When I first met him, we sat for what seemed, given my extreme nervousness, a terrifying length of time, during which I could think of absolutely nothing to say that was not in some sense literary, while he whispered to my wife about the beauty of her "earbobs" and clearly wished that I would go away so he could admire the rest of her. Finally, however, after considerable bourbon and a good deal of frantic casting about, I said that I especially appreciated the portraits of mules in his books because I had grown up on a Tennessee farm and had worked every summer in close disharmony with a rather remarkable mule named Nancy. That, it turned out, was even more appealing to Faulkner than the pretty young woman, and for the rest of the evening and on several subsequent evenings we were able to converse with some ease about a whole spectrum of subjects relating to life in the South: farming, qualities of soil, growing seasons, and the marvelously arcane psychology of mules.

Since communication by mail posed about the same threat to Faulkner's personal sanctity as small talk at cocktail parties, it is not surprising that this first comprehensive collection of his letters, edited by his biographer, Joseph Blotner, should provide us with a very clear view of the public persona while at the same time telling us almost nothing about the complicated human being suffering behind it. Here again one encounters the desperately private man forcing himself, against a great weight of shyness and psychic censorship, to function in verbal interchange with others and managing just barely to do so by revealing as little of himself as the occasion will permit.

The range of topical and thematic interests in the letters is defined by precisely the qualities Faulkner displayed at social gatherings: insularity of mind; an almost religious obsessiveness about the physical details and the values of rural Southern life; a countryman's suspicion of strangers; a deep distaste for literary discussion except where it pertained to the publication, sale, and financial rewards of his writing—considerations he found, on another level of moral assessment, to be equally distasteful, but necessary to the continued support of his family, his farm, and his work. In fact, what strikes one most forcibly in reading over the letters is the great purity and concentration of Faulkner's effort to remain aloof from all experience that did not have something to do with the nurturing of his talent or the life that provided its most vital materials.

He made this effort both very deliberately and, it would seem, quite unconsciously, depending on the circumstances. Whenever he was threatened with overt intrusion upon his privacy, by journalists seeking to write cover stories about him for *Time* or *Life* or by admirers bent on stealing his pipes and books, he would retreat behind Bartleby's unassailable defense and proclaim to the clamoring world that he preferred not to. "I tried for years to prevent it," Faulkner wrote in 1953, "refused, asked them to let me alone. . . . What a commentary. Sweden gave me the Nobel Prize. France gave me the *Legion d'Honneur*. All my native land did for me was to invade my privacy over my protest and my plea."

At other times he appeared to know instinctively that certain experiences were unlikely to yield anything of value for use in his work, and he would pass through them with his antennae completely turned off. Perhaps unfortunately, such experiences seem to have included most of the events, people, and locales of the modern world that happened not to transpire or occupy space within the sacred precincts of Oxford, Mississippi.

MANY of the early letters in the volume were written by Faulkner during his first visit to Europe, in 1925, when he was twenty-eight. One would expect that for a sensitive and artistic young American provincial an introduction to European life and culture might have been evocative of all kinds of intense response. Yet although he writes appreciatively, if perfunctorily, about the charm of the French people sailing their toy boats in the Luxembourg Gardens and about several visits to the Louvre, the young Faulkner is, for the most part, unmoved by Europe. Significantly, he comes closest to sounding a note of unrestrained enthusiasm when he describes how, in order to escape the hordes of American tourists, he went alone to a tiny village in the Italian Alps and stayed there four days. On August 13, 1925, he wrote his mother about this idyllic interlude:

> We talked by signs mostly, of course, but they [the villagers] were quite kind to me. . . . [I went] out with them to cut grass on the mountain, for hay, eating bread and cheese and wine at noon, coming home in the evening bringing the hay on mules while bells rang from the churches all about the mountains. . . . The day I left the whole village told me goodbye.

All his life Faulkner most enjoyed the company of unsophisticated rural people. Hence, it is perfectly in keeping with his character that these early letters should contain no reference to meetings one might expect him to have had with European or American writers or to the artistic events that proved so stimulating during that time for Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, Stein, Joyce, Picasso, and so many other major figures of the modernist movement.

John W. Aldridge, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of a number of critical volumes, most recently The Devil in the Fire: Retrospective Essays on American Literature and Culture, 1951–1971.

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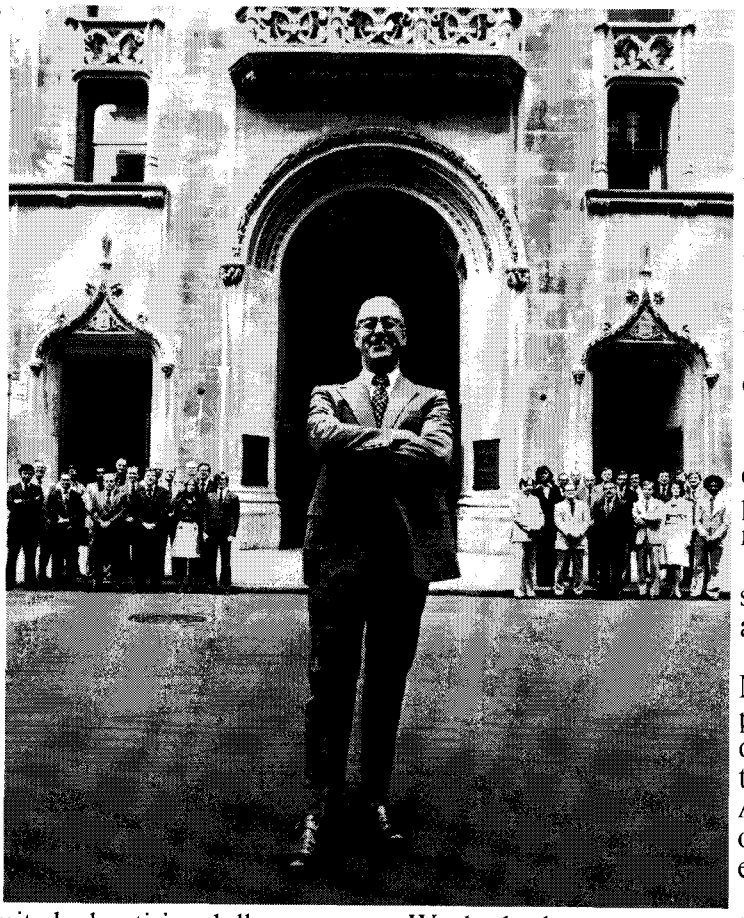

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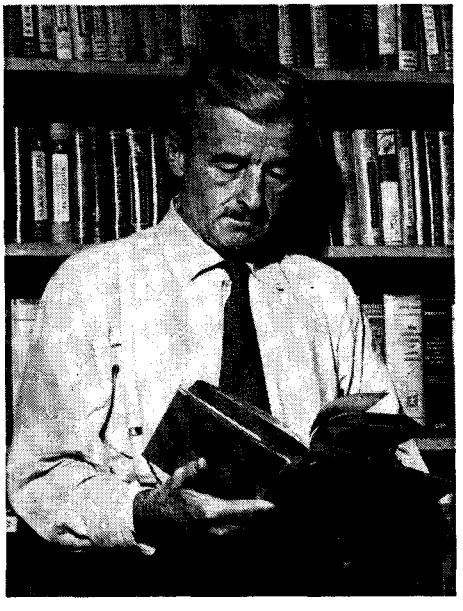
Culver

William Faulkner's shyness extended even to the camera: he seems seldom to have been caught off guard. Above, a typically formal portrait from the 1930s. Continuing counterclockwise, we find Faulkner perched on a pillbox in France, riffling pages in the old Random House offices, and looking very much the Southern gentleman at the University of Mississippi in Oxford.

Pictorial Parade

Granger

Phyllis Cerf/Bettmann Archive



The same pattern, with minor variations, recurs throughout his later correspondence. Unlike nearly all his literary contemporaries, Faulkner seems to have had no close friendships with his fellow writers and to have required none. Before leaving for Europe he spent five months in New Orleans, where he did befriend Sherwood Anderson, who encouraged him to write. It was, according to Mr. Blotner's biography, an important period in Faulkner's apprenticeship. Yet no letters from or about that time are included, while the few later on containing allusions to Anderson express mystification over the fact that his friendship with Faulkner had for some reason come to an end.

ALTHOUGH he went to Hollywood on a number of occasions to work on film scripts, Faulkner makes only the most cursory reference to features of the place that provided Huxley, Fitzgerald, West, and Waugh with some of their richest materials. His most extensive statement about California in general has to do with the refusal of the inhabitants to believe in the reality of wartime gas rationing because they are so insanely obsessed with the automobile. Except for his innumerable and often quite candid letters to his publishers and his agent concerning book contracts, royalties, and his perpetual need for advances against future royalties, Faulkner seems—at least on the evidence of this volume—never to have written a really personal letter, even to members of his immediate family. It may be that he did unburden himself to the various women with whom he had close relationships, but regrettably, aside from a few obviously edited (by the ladies themselves) and very pallid fragments, most of his letters to them were not available for publication. In times of hardship—and one can only conjecture about the times of passionate feeling—Faulkner seems to have withdrawn even further behind his barricade of stoic dignity. Or, as happened after a most uncharacteristic moment of self-revelation where he describes his genuinely ghastly financial predicament, he could make a cynical little joke to the effect that at least he owned "four gallons of corn liquor and four pounds of English tobacco." Clearly, there was pride, even arrogance, behind such responses. But there was also a very great toughness of spirit—the virtue Faulkner himself found most admirable and most rare in human beings, the power simply to endure.

If the qualities reflected most frequently in the letters are those of aloof detachment

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and impersonality, it must be remembered that these same qualities were also inseparable from Faulkner's strength as an artist, even as they by no means represent the full, rich, and complicated character of the man. But in the total consecration of his being to his art, they became an essential part of the psychic mechanism that made it possible for him to survive and persevere in the face of massive difficulties and obligations. Lacking all other sources of income and receiving no important awards or prizes before the Nobel in 1950, Faulkner was responsible for the support of his farm, which seemed always to lose money, an alcoholic wife, two stepchildren, a daughter, a widowed mother, a younger brother, and from time to time assorted other indigent relatives, and he had no way of paying for all this except through the sale of his writings. "I inherited," he wrote in 1940, "my father's debts and his dependents . . . without inheriting yet from anyone one inch of land or one stick of furniture or one cent of money. . . ."

It is not surprising that he tried hard to produce easily marketable hackwork or that in periods of the deepest extremity he was forced to put aside his serious fiction and write—albeit with not much conviction or success—for Hollywood. Yet he still had somehow to find the energy to honor and keep pure his primary commitment to his art. And this he managed to do throughout the many years of his harassment by personal problems—the Internal Revenue Service seeking back taxes for periods when he was virtually bankrupt; editors and publishers either unwilling to buy his work or seeking to bowdlerize it—all the while living in the most incredible kind of isolation, without the encouragement of public recognition or the stimulus of relations with gifted literary contemporaries.

The factors that enabled Faulkner to survive and finally to prevail in conditions that might well have destroyed another writer are directly related to the peculiar kind of provincial genius that he was and to the special affinity he felt with the place of his isolation and dedication. He stayed at home in Oxford through his most productive years because Oxford was probably the one spot on earth able to satisfy most completely the contradictory demands of his nature. It was not only the locale of his family history and the imaginative territory he explored so obsessively in novel after novel and over which he exercised sole and imperious proprietorship; it was also a physical refuge in which the man and his creative vision were nurtured and protected from compromise and violation. In Oxford the Southern farmer and the writer could live in relative harmony because the same environment provided the means for sustaining both identities and, at the same time, for keeping them separate. Faulkner could work his land, keep cattle, horses, and mules, hunt and fish and drink corn liquor with cronies who did not—and would not have known how to—engage the writer, and who therefore allowed him to do his work in secret, untroubled by the irrelevancies of literary talk. The writer, however, had the support of another and very different set of cronies: his publishers and his agent, the skilled and deeply faithful retainers and estate managers who relieved him of business for which he had no talent or taste and who could be counted on to market his creative produce judiciously and profitably. There is ample evidence to indicate that these conditions were vital to the maintenance of Faulkner's extremely delicate psychological balance and that when, reluctantly, he had on occasion to leave Oxford and to function out of his native context as a public man and a writer stripped of his anonymity, he experienced a disorientation and a terror that could be appeased only by bouts of drinking so severe that after them he sometimes had to be hospitalized.

In view of this, there is more than poignant irony in the fact that in the final phase of his life, after winning the Nobel Prize, Faulkner began to spend more and more time away from Oxford. He accepted invitations to lecture at universities, to undertake cultural missions abroad for the State Department, to make those appearances and to enjoy that public acclaim of which he had so long been deprived and which in the past he had so vigorously sought to escape.

In some of the later letters one finds intimations of his motives for this drastic reversal of habit and principle. He seems to have felt by then that he had little or nothing further to accomplish in his work. The impulse to produce was dying at the same time that his health was failing, and the isolation that had once been the source and medium of an immense creative fertility had now become what to anyone else it might always have been—a vacuum. So he went out into the world that now did him the highest honor and became the public man, however awkwardly and reticently, because he may have sensed that was all there was left to him. ◉

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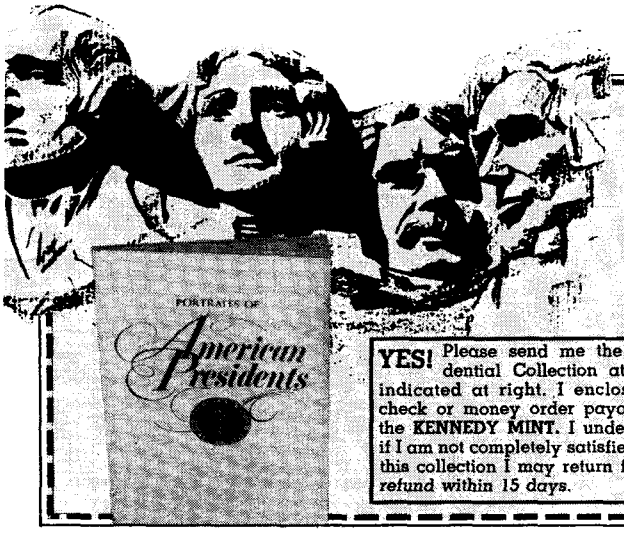

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Autumn Anger

The Alteration
by Kingsley Amis
Viking, 210 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Bruce Cook

IT ALWAYS puzzled me to see Kingsley Amis numbered among the rest of those young English writers of the Fifties. Remember them bundled together under a banner that now has no more than nostalgia value—the Angry Young Men? He didn't belong in that crowd. He didn't seem, well, angry enough. Was John Osborne angry? You bet. Alan Sillitoe? Furious. But Amis, essentially a comic novelist, seemed merely to be miffed at the social inequities that sent the others into hooting, howling frenzies. He just joked about them.

Yet all that is about 20 years in the past. And if today John Osborne seems to have lapsed into silence (temporarily, one hopes) and Alan Sillitoe has grown almost jolly, then you should also know that Kingsley Amis is no longer the pink-cheeked jester who used to amuse the Establishment far more than he irritated it. He has, as they say in *Rolling Stone*, gone through some pretty heavy changes.

There was, first of all, his move away from the Left, signaled by the appearance of the article "Why Lucky Jim Turned Right," which caused so great a stir in Great Britain that we got wind of it over here. Less publicized but more important is the change evident in his writing during the past ten years. Beginning with *The Anti-Death League* (1966), he has produced a number of very dark novels, among them the mysterious "ghost story" *The Green Man* and that pernicious comedy *Girl, 20*, surely the bleakest funny book ever written. In these and other books his concern has been increasingly metaphysical, even theological. He has dealt so deftly with the big eschatological questions he raises, making such appealing use of his distinctive blend of elegant wit and plain foolishness, that practically nobody seems to have noticed what he is up to.

His latest novel, *The Alteration*, though quite different from anything he has written previously, fits neatly into this established pattern. It is, in fact, the most overtly and specifically theological of all his books, for it deals with a practice that, until the nineteenth century, was not only permitted but encouraged by the Roman Catholic Church; that is, the castration of gifted boy sopranos so that they might continue to sing on into manhood in the same high voices. Known as castrati, these musical eunuchs thronged every capital in Catholic Europe during the eighteenth century. At one time there were 200 of them singing in Rome alone.

Has Kingsley Amis, then, written an eighteenth-century historical romance? No, he has done something far more subversive than that. *The Alteration* belongs to a fairly rare sub-genre of science fiction the so-called counterfeit- or alternative-world novel. For years Amis has been cautiously dipping his toe into science fiction without ever being quite willing to take the plunge. These forays include his critical work *New Maps of Hell* and an annual anthology of science fiction that he and Robert Conquest edited for several years. Amis has written a couple of short stories that might qualify as science fiction, though never a novel—not until *The Alteration*, and even that might not be accepted as such by s-f purists.

Jerry Bauer

Kingsley Amis—"A man grown angry in middle age."

Just what is the counterfeit-world subgenre and what relation does it have to science fiction? Amis himself defines it as "a class of tale set more or less at the present date, but portraying the results of some momentous change in historical fact." It is, in other words, social science fiction in which the what-if factor has been drawn from past events: What if the South had won the Civil War? What if the Germans had won World War II?

The counterfeit world posited in *The Alteration* is a 1970s England derived from a past in which King Henry VIII had failed in his defiance of the Holy See because the forces of Catholic Europe had mounted a "Holy Expedition" against him and held England for the Church. It is a world in which Martin Luther had gone to Rome, settled his differences, and become the first German pope—and had been succeeded by the first English pontiff, Thomas More, who became better known by his ecclesiastical title, Hadrian VII (a nice touch, that). Thus the world of *The Alteration* is one in which the spirit of medievalism holds sway over the destinies of nations and the lives of their citizens as it has not done, really, since before those fateful decades of the early sixteenth century.

THIS does not mean, however, that Amis has simply plunged us back into the Europe of the late Middle Ages and called it 1976. Technological advances have been made: there are dirigibles (but no airplanes); auto taxis and buses, though most people still depend on the horse to get around. The anchor dragging on progress is the Church. It is the single most powerful influence in society, with its conservatism all-pervasive and its officers and servants in positions of great temporal power, their medieval attitude toward sex coarsening

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A Plague of Castrati

WHAT are the odds against two novels on the castrati appearing in a single month? Extremely high, you might think. In spite of them, however, two such novels have just come out. *Porporino* (Morrow, $10) is the eighteenth-century historical romance Kingsley Amis declined to write as *The Alteration*. Good enough to have won its author, Dominique Fernandez, France's Prix Medici, it is as elegantly and ornately written as a novel on the Baroque period properly ought to be. Inevitably, however, it features a parade of personages rather than a cast of characters—Casanova, Emma Hamilton, Mozart, and others—all of whom were present in Naples during the 1760s, but one of whom is directly involved with young Porporino, the Calabrian peasant castrato. They just march onstage, speak their pieces, and march right off again. Somewhere near the middle, even the author tires of this, and his narrative withers off into a series of vignettes on Neapolitan street life that I liked rather better. Along the way he offers an answer to the big question about the sex life of the castrati: What did they *do*? According to Fernandez, they kissed a lot. —B.C.

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the very texture of day-to-day human contacts. Women barely exist, except as chattel. Those males judged guilty of lewd conduct may be altered (castrated)—as may also, of course, those young boys especially chosen to sing God's praises in soprano voices for the rest of their lives.

Hubert Anvil is one of these young sopranos, a student at the Cathedral School in Coverley. At ten, he has a voice that comes along once in a generation. He is also gifted as a composer. Yet the interpretative talent takes precedence over the creative, and young Hubert is recommended for alteration. A form of permission must be signed by his father and countersigned by his father's confessor. The father, a canny merchant named Tobias Anvil, has no objection whatever to having his son's manhood sacrificed *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. Surprisingly, it is the family's priest, Father Lyall, who holds out against it—prompted, it seems, by the boy's mother, with whom the priest is on intimate terms.

Things are at a temporary impasse, but Hubert understands that Father Lyall can only delay the inevitable, and the more the youngster thinks about his castration the less he likes it. Some funny and fairly touching passages in the book have to do with Hubert's persistent researches into the nature of the experience that alteration will eternally deny him. At one point, during a long and serious conversation with his twenty-one-year-old brother on the subject of sex, Hubert is told to try to imagine what it is like: "Well, think of kissing a girl while it feels like playing with yourself but it's like . . . wonderful ice cream." Although Hubert has some difficulty putting all that together, he nevertheless remains profoundly absorbed by the question.

In the end, he flees. Aided by his brother and the ambassador from New England, Hubert makes his way to London. There he is smuggled aboard a dirigible bound for New England, the only place, we are told, where he will be beyond the reach of the Roman Church. Is he safe? From the authorities, perhaps, though not from the judgment of God.

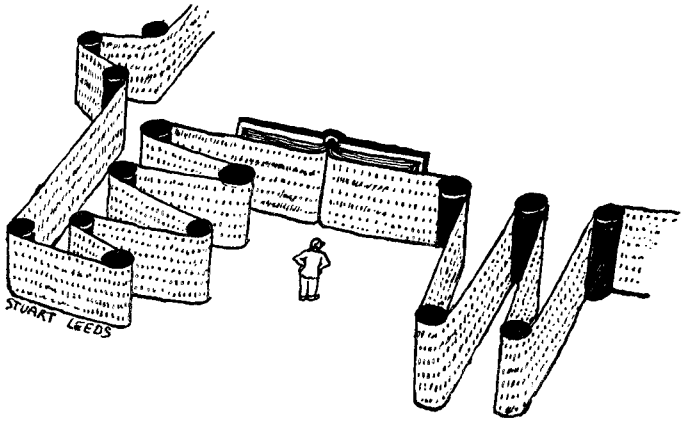
If that last seems ominously to suggest a rather heavy ending, remember that for years Kingsley Amis has not been the same fellow who gave us "Lucky Jim." His novels have changed just as much as he has—and in the same ways. *The Alteration*, in fact, is only intermittently and superficially funny. The novel's humor is the one thing that appeals to me least about it. Most of it seems to have been added as an afterthought, simply because Amis thinks it is still expected of him.

Granted the basic *idea* of the book is funny—the present imagined as a direct extension of the medieval past—but Amis has not taken any more from his imaginary history of Europe than is absolutely necessary for the purposes of the plot. Here and there along the way he has tried to toss in some laughs, most of them using the device of introducing historical personages into his counterfeit world in altered roles. Heinrich Himmler, Lavrenti Beria, and Jean-Paul Sartre all surface as monsignors, which seems peculiarly right. Edgar Allan Poe is a great general. And Benedict Arnold is revered as the national hero of New England. Oh, and here is Amis with a sampling of the popular literature available to Hubert at a bookstall: "His eye passed over *St. Lemuel's Travels* and *The Wind in the Cloisters*, slowed down at a collection of Father Bond stories, and rested finally on *Lord of the Chalices*." Not bad. But that's about as funny as the humor gets.

Fundamentally, *The Alteration* is another of Kingsley Amis's angry screeds against the Catholic faith and the Catholic idea of God. And it is not just what Amis sees as the life-hating, sex-hating aspect of High Christianity—something that made possible such monstrous phenomena as the castrati—that concerns him here. Though that, too, comes in for comment:

> All their temporal over-magnificence, all their pharisaism, all their equivocation, all their ruthlessness came from only one source: the celibacy of their priesthood. This made it impossible for their hierarchy to understand the family, that most directly God-ordained of all human institutions.

But Kingsley Amis is castigating much more than that. Speaking through one of the more daring clergymen in *The Alteration*, he reflects on how much has been "founded upon one great lie. . . . At first a lie nobody had the smallest need for, since become the sole necessity." And the lie he is talking about is, for Amis, Christianity itself. At the end of *The Anti-Death League*, his oddest and most extreme book and in some ways his best, Amis allows some talk of reconciliation, of forgiving God the wrongs He has done humanity. But there is none of that in *The Alteration*. It is an almost bitter book by a man grown angry in middle age. ◉



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Unclaimed Packages in Public Places

Crusaders, Criminals, Crazies: Terror and Terrorism in Our Time
by Frederick J. Hacker
Norton, 346 pp., $9.95

Terrorism: From Robespierre to Arafat
by Albert Parry
Vanguard, 624 pp., $17.50

Reviewed by Jan Schreiber

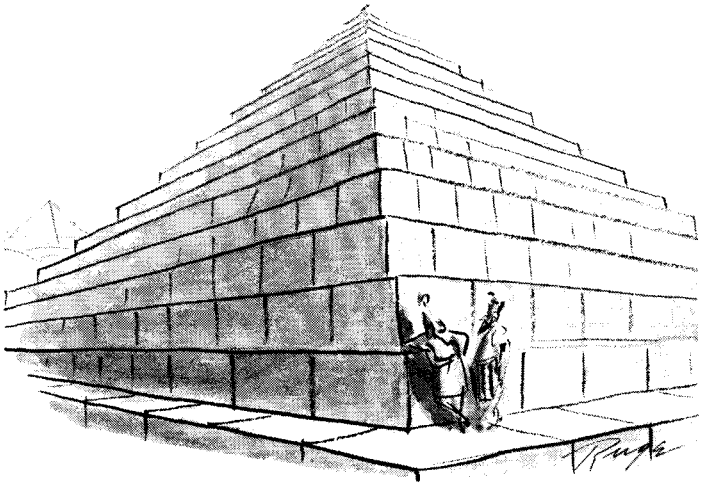
ANYONE who sets out to compose an anatomy of terrorism cannot ignore his own preconceptions. His strong convictions about violence, the security of social institutions, the rights of minorities and majorities, and the role of his own nation in the welter of conflicting national interests will have a lot to do with his approach. They may, in fact, so affect his thinking that basic distinctions will escape him and the actuality of his subject will recede before the immensity of his feelings about it.

That is what has happened, in varying degrees, to both Frederick J. Hacker and Albert Parry in writing about this relatively new field of study. Both of their books provide plenty of facts about nonmilitary violence, but they convey only a vague idea of just what terrorism is. In ordinary language terror is a feeling, a state of intense fear; and terrorism, a kind of behavior, a systematic use of terror. Yet Hacker overlooks this important distinction, saying that terror is like terrorism, only practiced by governments against people rather than by people against governments. In other words, the phenomena are the same but their positions are different: one is terror "from above"; and the other, terror "from below." Parry is even less concerned with distinctions than is Hacker, finding terrorism essentially a unitary phenomenon, whether practiced by Robespierre or by the SLA. He is disturbed by it, as are most people, but to deplore terrorism in such broad terms is like being against sin: the question is what to do next.

Still, merely for the evidence they amass, both of these books have much to offer. Parry's scope is historical, ranging from the late eighteenth century to our own day. Within that 200-year sweep he is most fascinated by and most informative about events in Russia. This stands to reason, since the author was a refugee of the Russian civil war and was very nearly sent before a firing squad for his "a plague on both your houses" attitude at the time. His familiarity with the activities of late nineteenth-century Russian anarchist both at home and later in America, an with the dogged, protracted, and ultimately successful efforts to assassinate th Romanov czars makes the narrative por tions of his book absorbing as straigh chronicle history, quite apart from th conclusions he reaches later on.

Those conclusions, however, have t be taken with no little salt. Try as he doe to be fair, Parry cannot conceal hi antipathy toward anything tinged wit Marxism. Deep down he is convinced tha most modern terrorism stems from att tudes taught or encouraged by Karl Mar and put into practice, to our lasting mis fortune, by V. I. Lenin. This devil theor of history leads him to assemble strang bedfellows under the blanket term "ter rorist": Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mao, Fanor Arafat, and Donald DeFreeze. Hitler Marxist? Well, maybe not, but he learne his techniques of terror from Stalin, Parr insists, and Stalin was a Marxist. There i probably no arguing the point. Those wh believe that a callous disregard for huma life—or outright sadism—stems from cer tain economic or political attitudes wil not be persuaded by those who see such traits as all too common strains of huma behavior with far more complex causes.

What, after all, *is* terrorism? Does i make sense to talk about Hitler and Arafa under the same rubric? Are oppression cruelty, and mass murder as instrument of state policy essentially the same as un predictable violence used as a weapon by the disenfranchised? If our purpose is only to pity the victims and deplore the attack ers, then no further distinctions need be made. But attempts to control such violence that are based on no deeper understanding than this are bound to be simplistic and ineffective. For the purposes of the tyrant and of the true terrorist are in fact antithetical. The tyrant seeks to destroy dissent; the terrorist, to arouse it The tyrant therefore will publicize some of his own violence as a warning to the dissident and be surreptitious about a great deal more; the terrorist calls atten tion to all his violent acts as testimony to what little power he has. Through his vio lence the tyrant speaks directly to those concerned, to those who might dare to challenge his authority; for the terroris each violent act is a meaningful gesture in



"It was outrageously expensive when the old pharaoh died twenty-five years ago, but can you imagine what it'd cost to build one of these things today?"

Jan Schreiber is on the staff of the Harvard Center for Criminal Justice and is at work on a book about political terrorism, to be published by Morrow.

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defiance of the power structure, an attempt to communicate with the broader world, while the victims are secondary, mere instruments. The tyrant may be deposed, as the Greek colonels were, or he may die a natural death, as Franco did, and all at once a new order is possible. A terrorist may also be killed, as Che Guevara was, or a terrorist uprising put down, as in the case of Attica or the Mau Mau, but the conditions that gave rise to the violence remain the same, and the volcano may at any moment erupt again.

HACKER makes a good start toward these distinctions. In spite of its crassly alliterative title, his book is only tangentially about the mentally deranged Manson-type killer and still less about the professional criminal we associate with fake violin cases and cement shoes. These types appear mainly as foils to set off and distinguish the genuine political, or in Hacker's terms, "crusading," terrorist from other cutthroats and kidnappers whom he may superficially resemble. Thus the author sees the anticipated gains of the violently deranged as "psychological and idiosyncratic," of the criminal as "personal and material," and of the political crusader as "collective, symbolic." To learn, furthermore, that the political terrorist is not irrational or delusional but functionally rational and task-oriented, though unconventional in terms of prevailing values, may give us some clues to negotiating with him.

So we begin to clear away the debris. The irrational terrorizer is not a political terrorist; the dedicated would-be revolutionary cannot be humored or talked out of his exploit. His commitment is religious and sometimes sacrificial. He is serving a higher cause. A Palestinian terrorist told Hacker this during tense negotiations on an airstrip in Vienna:

"There were some before us and there will be many after us. Just try to trick us, and we'll be avenged by hundreds and thousands of our comrades. We are soldiers of a strong revolutionary army. We are volunteering to die for the cause. We are ready to die anytime. We'll probably die today. . . . Where we come from doesn't matter. Our family doesn't matter. Our names don't matter; we often change names. All that matters is the country, which has to be liberated."

To let your repugnance for violence or for the terrorist's politics blind you to the seriousness and the permanence of the challenge he poses is to retreat into illusion. Very much to his credit, Hacker faces the sobering reality of the subject.

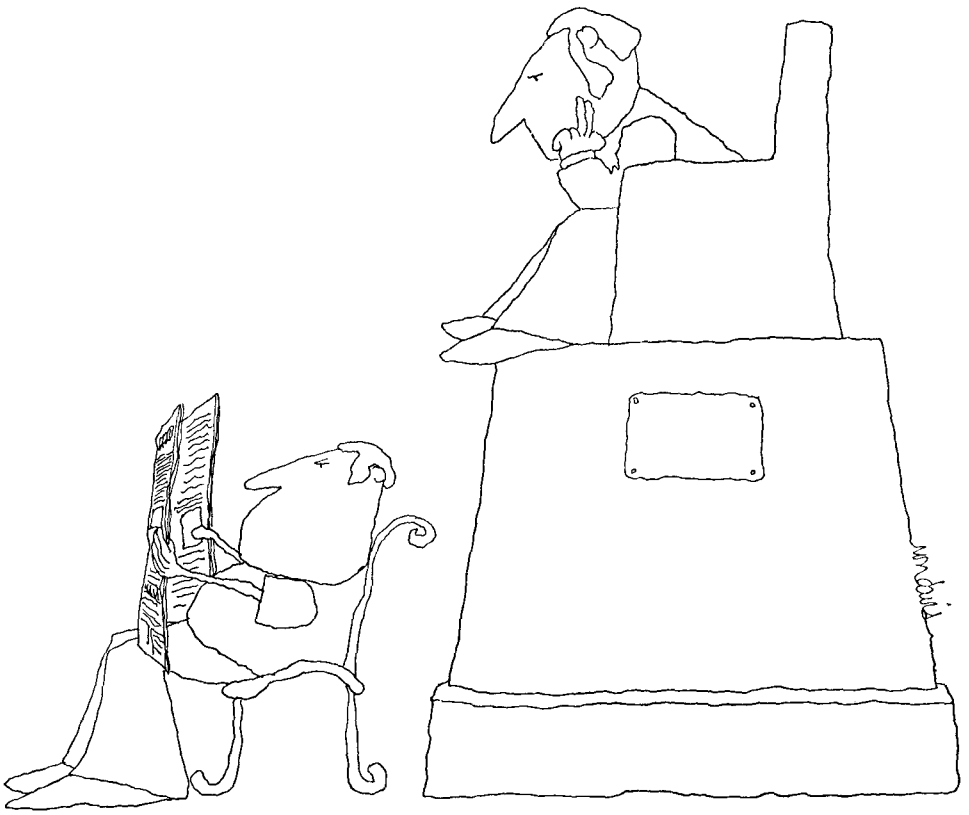
Interesting as the psychology of terrorism is and important as it is to devise appropriate negotiating techniques (Hacker was a consulting psychiatrist in the Hearst case), there is much more to be said about terrorism than either of these two books does. How should the terrorist be dealt with under international law? Is he a political criminal and therefore entitled to asylum by states (such as West Germany) that are known to be havens for the persecuted and the politically prosecuted, or is he a common criminal and subject to extradition? If he should be extradited, where to? Or is his status that of a prisoner of war, someone to be interned and respected and someday to be repatriated if the nation he envisions is ever born?

What is the effect of punishment on terrorists? Does a jail sentence deter others from terrorist activities,or does it only lead to another exploit, one designed to spring the imprisoned comrades? Should terrorists be executed, or would such a policy only intensify terrorist violence (might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb)? Can a terrorist be rehabilitated? And what is the meaning of "rehabilitation" in such a context?

Finally, how can we, the large, powerful, and complacent nations, protect ourselves against terrorist depredations? Should we invest in heightened security and enhanced police powers? Should we sacrifice some civil liberties (like the right to move from place to place without notifying anyone) for the sake of better protection? Should we, like the Israelis, learn to be suspicious of large, unclaimed packages in public places?

What are the root causes of terrorism? Hacker finds some of them in human nature itself, and I agree with him; but human nature is responsive to its external conditions, among which is the society one is compelled to live in. If there are social conditions that especially favor the rise of terrorism, we do not find them clearly defined in either of the books at hand. I suspect that clear definitions in those areas would make us uncomfortable, just as the debates among Third World countries in the United Nations over the very definition of terrorism have made us uncomfortable. Israel a terrorist nation? Arafat a revolutionary hero? Someone's values must be topsy-turvy.

There is much more to be said and understood about terrorist violence, but I think the most disconcerting result of the terrorist act is not the loss of life or limb. Terrible as that is, its scale is dwarfed by the loss from traffic accidents. The true shock effect of terrorism comes from seeing ourselves as a society suddenly in a new and most unflattering light. By his violent act, the terrorist holds up a mirror to entire peoples. Few of us can look steadily at the awful reflection. ◉



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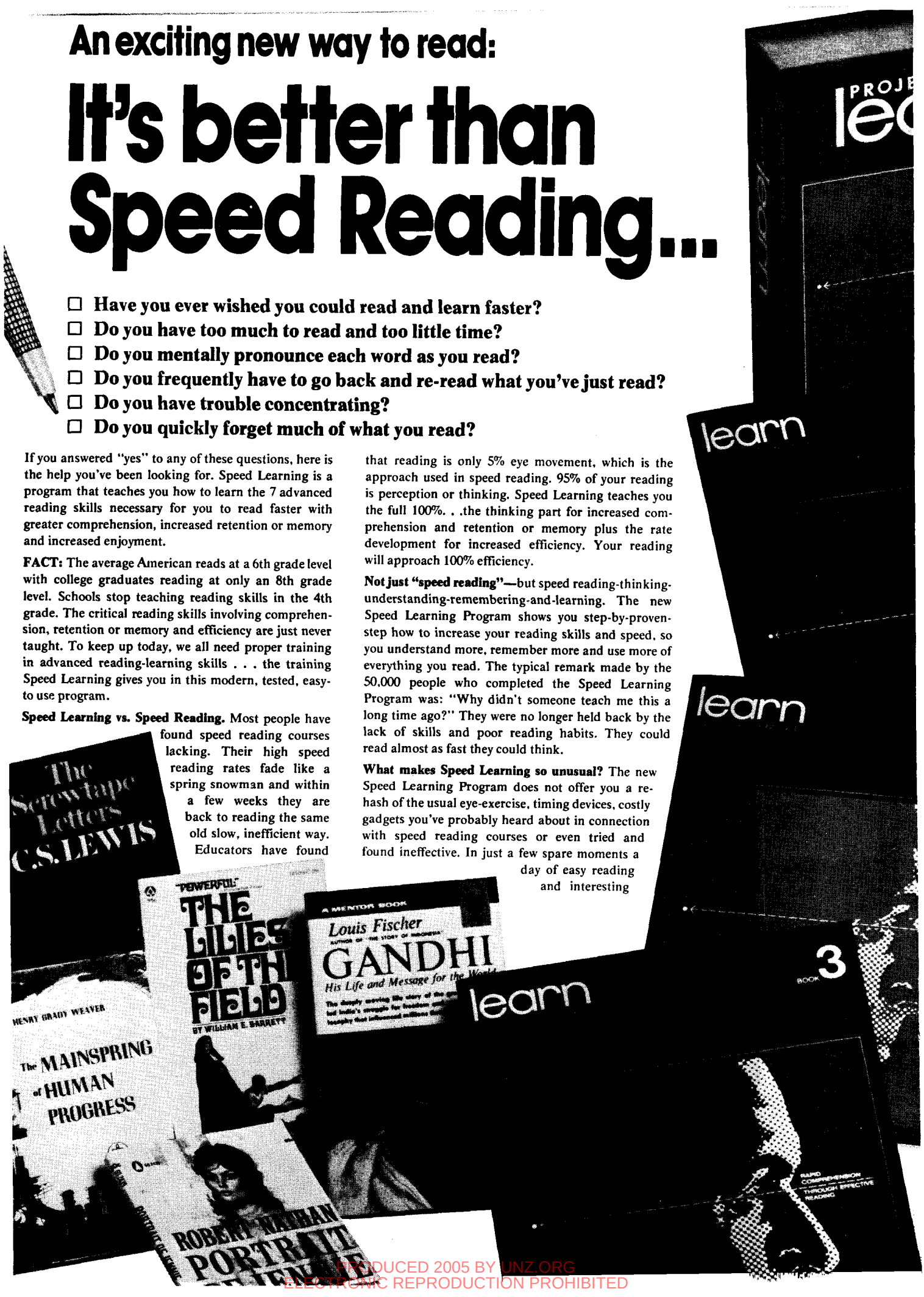

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RUSSELL G. STAUFFER, author and research director of this program, is a Professor of Education and recipient of the H. Rodney Sharp chair in the College of Education at the University of Delaware. He is Director of the Reading Study Center at the University. Dr Stauffer has published numerous articles in professional and trade journals, including a special pamphlet on "Reading, a Thinking Process" for Reader's Digest.

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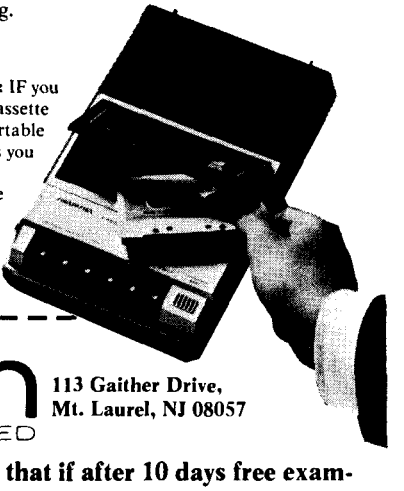

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Books in Brief

The New Mencken Letters
Edited by Carl Bode
Dial, 635 pp., $19.95

A CYNIC, wrote Oscar Wilde, is "a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." H. L. Mencken has always seemed like one of the better illustrations of Wilde's well-known epigram, and Carl Bode's new volume, containing upwards of a thousand letters, strengthens this impression. An indefatigable letter writer, Mencken corresponded with a wide range of personalities—from obscure cronies like George Sterling to Willard Huntington Wright, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Upton Sinclair; from Alf Landon in politics to Lillian Gish in show business. To be sure, Mencken was not the perfect Wildean cynic, since he knew the value of friendship, of the First Amendment, of young writers struggling to break with outmoded traditions. The Scopes trial is only the most renowned of the many issues on which he spoke out for enlightenment and justice. In an age when American literature was still suffocating in gentility, he promoted Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis at the top of his voice. And his letters bear witness to an almost perfect congruity between his public and private utterances on these matters.

At the same time, however, Mencken's correspondence re-affirms the sense of laborious and sterile iconoclasm that characterizes most of his writing. His fullest energies are elicited only when he can discharge a blunderbussful of invective at one of his favorite hatreds: democracy, prohibition, and puritanism; the "booboisie" of America; Roosevelt and the New Deal; censors and bluenoses. In the privacy of the letters, it was also occasionally possible for him to push blacks and Jews out onto the target range. So editor Carl Bode, the author of an admiring biography of Mencken, should be lauded for giving us an apparently unexpurgated version of the Sage of Baltimore. Although Mencken's literary reputation will probably never revive, it is important that we have as complete a record as possible of the man whom Walter Lippmann called "the most powerful personal influence" on a "whole generation of educated people."

—ROBERT F. MOSS

Days and Nights in Calcutta
by Clark Blaise and Bharati Mukherjee
Doubleday, 300 pp., $8.95

BURNED out of their Montreal house in February 1973, Clark Blaise and his wife, Bharati Mukherjee, flew to India clutching their children, a typewriter, and a year's supply of dental floss. India stunned them, but not as it stuns tourists. For Mukherjee had grown up there and was eager to return after ten years of cultural estrangement in Canada. Blaise, a Canadian, now the foreigner, planned to study closely the dense texture of Indian life.

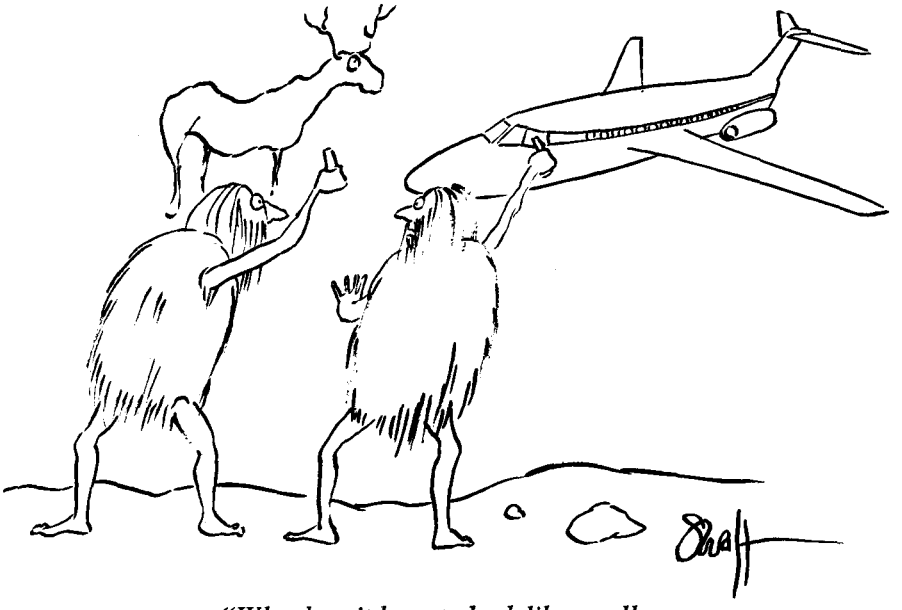
Their experiences clashed, and this book contains their separate journals. Blaise, at first blinded by the squalor and the terrors, discovers a magic that enfolds reality in myth and ennobles Bengali life through a love of culture. His journal glows with the enthusiasm of discovery and dramatic epiphanies, and he turns against "that whole bloated, dropsical giant called the West." Mukherjee, by contrast, becomes angry and sad. For her, fondly recalled traditions now mask fear and oppression—especially of women. Her journal, like *Wife*, the novel she wrote concurrently, tells of women trapped by custom and straining for any semblance of social freedom. She leaves India disabused of her former longings.

Mukherjee and Blaise cross paths in transit between cultures and then return to Montreal with different Indias in mind. Blaise, after all, had been on a writer's holiday; Mukherjee had gone home.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Masters and Peasants
by Theodore Kallifatides
Translated from the Swedish
by Thomas Teal
Doubleday, 192 pp., $6.95

Masters and Peasants is a book in limbo. Not quite a novel and not quite a reminiscence, it tries to bridge both literary forms and fails. The year is 1941; the setting, a small Greek village under German occupation. Ialos is a place of "rich peasants, small peasants, and landless peasants," and—like Robert Crichton's Santa Vittoria—contains its share of local eccentrics. But Kallifatides, himself a native Greek, never adequately develops any of his oddball cast. With chapters titled "Religion," "The Officials," "The



"Why does it have to look like an elk or something? I just use my imagination!"

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 115

Babette Rosmond:
Error Hurled

A hundred years ago people worked at writing. They may have been overly conscientious and often dull, but they knew what they were doing. If they had any self-pity it was saved for their . . . families, not for their readers.

From *Science Fiction Discoveries*, edited by Carol and Frederik Pohl.

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Merchants," "Authority and Attitudes," "Children's Games," and the like, the book reads more like a sociological study —albeit a quaint and charming one—than the novel it wants to be. Much fascinating material concerning the folkways, customs, and attitudes of the Greek peasantry remains stillborn, as there are no three-dimensional characters and no clear-cut story line to hang it on. This is all the more distressing because Kallifatides obviously can write well—his style as rendered in Thomas Teal's workmanlike translation is brisk and ironic—and he shows an acute historical awareness of an oppressed modern Greece. *Masters and Peasants* is not without comic vigor—a fact that makes its lack of focus and its maddening superficiality lamentable.

—WILLIAM JASPERSOHN

With Malice Toward None: The Life of Abraham Lincoln
by Stephen B. Oates
Harper & Row, 416 pp., $15

STEPHEN B. OATES wants this new biography to rescue Abraham Lincoln from the "mists of legend." Lincoln, he insists, was neither a superhuman prairie democrat nor a saintly Great Emancipator. For even the most casual observer of the past 25 years of Lincoln scholarship, this is hardly startling news. Light provided by David Donald, Richard Current, David Potter, Don Fehrenbacher, and many others has already dispelled the mists that Oates proposes to penetrate.

Happily, however, this book is more than another ritual burning of a straw man. Building on a solid foundation of secondary sources, Oates constructs a synthesis both comprehensive and tightly focused. His Lincoln is a proud, prosperous professional who is also "morbidly fascinated with madness, obsessed with death, troubled with recurring bouts of melancholy, and gifted with a superb talent for literary expression."

Unfortunately, failure of literary expression keeps this work from ranking with the single-volume classics of Lord Charnwood and Benjamin Thomas. Oates is addicted to easy emotionalism, rhetorical questions, and a style that might be called First Person Breathless—he often has Lincoln and other characters engage in colloquial commentary without benefit of quotation marks. Obviously intended to give a sense of immediacy, this style is merely distracting and quickly cloys. Nevertheless, this is a valuable book, one of the most thorough volumes on Lincoln now available. —LUTHER SPOEHR

Changing
by Liv Ullmann
Knopf, 256 pp., $8.95

MOST people know Liv Ullmann as a cool Nordic beauty who can go bananas more completely, terrifyingly, and lyrically than any actress alive. She can also remember and write about her life extraordinarily well, being lucky enough not only to know when she's happy but to remember what it was like. And she seems to have been happy, if not downright ecstatic, most of the time.

Her progress from Trondhjem, Norway, to world fame is ringed with relatives. Her father died when she was six, and it is significant that the relationships she describes most lovingly and joyfully are those with her mother, her grandmother, her sister, and her daughter. In other words, women. The men in her life are shadowy beings. She handles her affair with Ingmar Bergman with such tact and taste as to give absolutely no feeling of what was going on. We learn more about him later, when she reveals that "the truth about Ingmar's solitary lunches is a heap of tabloids he doesn't want to be caught with."

Changing is to be recommended to anyone who wants to meet an honest, sensitive person, as well as to young actresses looking for valuable acting tips.

—ELAINE DUNDY

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 76

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 60.

ESZ . . OADBCOK ZBA

JXVH EACOJX ESZB

EBSMB SZ SK OJKKSGVA

ZJ KZCG JXAKAVR SX

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—TAJRRDAH GJMMC

"Why don't you worry about the dedication after you write the book?"

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Her Many Voices

We know that women poets are active in America, and now there's a new anthology that shows us: *The Other Voices: Twentieth Century Women's Poetry in Translation* (Norton, just out, $10 cloth, $3.95 paper). The collection, edited by six women and with a foreword by Adrienne Rich, is the first compilation of women's poetry in translation: 131 poems from original works in Russian, Japanese, Afrikaans, Eskimo, New Guinean, and so forth. Some of the translators are well-known poets: Langston Hughes, William Plomer, Philip Levine, Ruth Fainlight, and Miss Rich. I favor a translation by Brendan O Hehir from the Gaelic of Máire Mhac an tSaoi (MacEntee to us), an Irish scholar who is the wife of the statesman and intellectual Conor Cruise O'Brien. Here's "The First Shoe":

We put the shoe on him the first time this morning,
minute, stitched-together, a little jewel of leather,
a miracle of shoemaking, in the first choice of fashion,
on the flowerlike foot never before in bondage,
the first shoe ever on that small honey-sweet foot.
Little treasure, heart of the house, here you go tramping.
Strike the sole like this on the ground stoutly,
hold the precious head pluckily, determined,
a man-baby you are in your walk and your bearing,
the height of my knee, and so soon to leave me!

You have a long road to travel before you,
and tying your shoe is only the first tying.

Nothing to It

How refreshing to find a book that has no sex, no plot, no characters—in fact, nothing. Just blank pages. Not for nothing is it called *The Nothing Book: Rainbow Edition* (Harmony/Crown, just published, $4.95). The *Rainbow Edition* differs from the earlier *Nothing Book* in that the blank pages are in rainbow colors. I use my earlier blank book for writing down funny stuff—or what seems funny at the time. *The Nothing Book* has an odd history. When *The Joy of Sex* was first offered to booksellers, Crown made up a number of what in the trade are called "dummy books," bound blank pages to show the booksellers what the format and binding of the book would be like. To everybody's surprise, customers kept wanting to buy the dummies, never mind the book itself. So some Crown heads devised *The Nothing Book* and published it in the spring of 1974. Reviewers honed their wits on it, and it took off, amid hilarious talk of movie and foreign rights. The hardbound edition has now sold 303,000 copies. I suppose the final word is "*Nothing* sells like anything!"

The Most Beautiful Woman in Europe

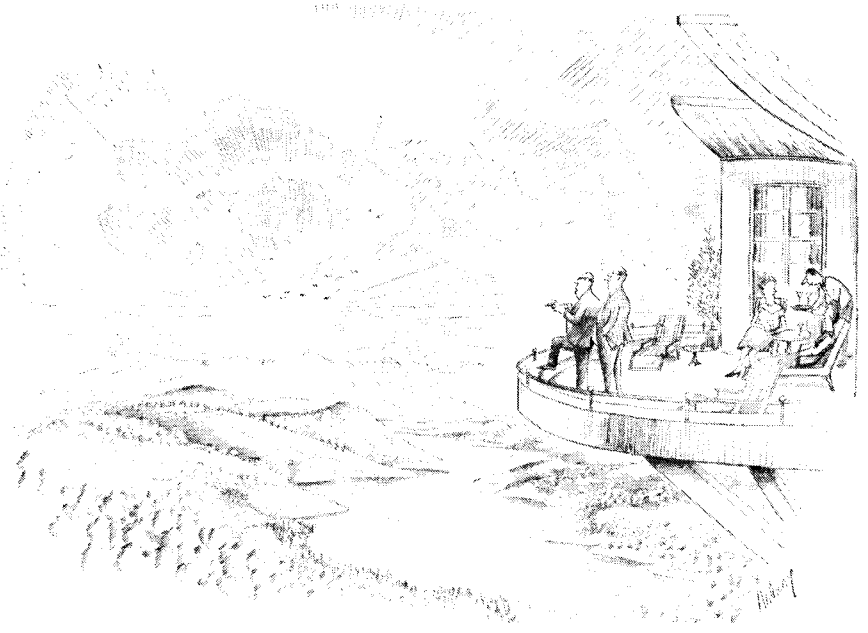
The expression "maudegonning," new to me, means "agitating for a cause in a reckless, flamboyant fashion," and is derived from the subject of a new biography, *Maude Gonne: A Biography of Yeats' Beloved*, by Samuel Levenson (Reader's Digest/Crowell, February 18, $15). She was called "the Irish Joan of Arc." Born English and rich, she devoted her life to the cause of Irish freedom, but the Irish, in those Victorian times, looked askance on a woman who was mistress to a French politician, had an illegitimate child, married an Irish patriot and later separated from him. In these eyes her greatest accomplishment during her eighty-seven years was in serving as the inspiration for some of the finest love poems in the English language.

Launching Pad

A book can get lost a few days before Christmas, so I am delighted that I received a copy of *Caviare*, a novel by Godfrey Smith (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, December 20, $8.95). On the surface it is a love story and a picture of cold-war politics, but the plot is just a launching pad for Mr. Smith's funny and acute observations:

> One of the consolations of being over forty is that bad news is seldom as bad as good news is good. We know there is going to be plenty of bad news this decade and the good, when it comes, is so unexpected.
>
> I've always been suspicious of letters between lovers, suspecting them of being no more or less than exercises in self-indulgence. . . .
>
> Jill's mother gave me that slight sense of shock all future mothers-in-law do if we did but admit it; she was a pretty accurate projection of how Jill would look in some thirty years: that is, like a charming watercolor slightly smudged by the rain.

You'll also learn about "the one quite unforgivable sin in a sauna." I don't much like the phrase "a good read," but I whipped through this in one sitting. And oh, yes, the jacket features a fascinating half-nude by David Hockney. ◉



"Nature-wise, Ed, you've got a nice little ecological pad here."

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Artsletter

DRESDEN DOLLOP

Dresden's Zwinger, a vast eighteenth-century palace that has been entirely rebuilt after its almost total destruction in World War II, houses one of the world's greatest collections of art—and one that relatively few Americans have visited, the cities of East Germany being well off the usual tourist track. Now, thanks to the indefatigable Thomas Hoving, we shall have a chance to see a substantial sampling of the Dresden treasures at close hand. An exhibition of more than 200 paintings, sculptures, and other art objects—the largest such show ever brought to the United States from an Eastern-bloc nation—will be coming first to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, then to the M. H. de Young Museum in San Francisco. The opening date is still being negotiated, but it will probably be sometime in 1978.

TRENDS IN FORTY LANGUAGES

This winter *Books Abroad* celebrates a half-century of publication. The international literary quarterly was founded in 1927 by Roy Temple House, then chairman of the modern languages department at the University of Oklahoma, to "promote international understanding by disseminating literary information" —a noble, if forlorn, aim. Since then, under the continuous patronage of the University of Oklahoma, *Books Abroad* has provided a unique overview of world literary trends, reviewing new works of fiction, poetry, and criticism published in some 40 languages. Today, a typical issue will contain more than 300 reviews, along with articles dealing with individual writers or regions. Now that it has reached the age of fifty, the publication is getting a new name. Henceforth it will be called *World Literature Today*. The address remains the same: 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019.

INFLATIONARY PRIMA DONNAS

Managers of the world's leading opera houses are trying to put a lid on the fees paid to star singers. The law of supply and demand has pushed those fees in recent years to punishing levels. It's difficult to obtain reliable figures in a field notorious for secretiveness, but fees of around $8,000 a performance seem increasingly to be the norm for the half-dozen or so artists in highest demand (the list includes Placido Domingo, Birgit Nilsson, Luciano Pavarotti, Leontyne Price, Beverly Sills, and Joan Sutherland). Since there are many more opera houses than top-ranking stars, it's a seller's market. Now the buyers want to set a limit on fees so as to prevent bidding themselves into bankruptcy. A preliminary meeting of opera managers was held in San Francisco last November, and another is due to take place soon in Europe. There's already agreement that some sort of standard fee structure is essential, but the problem of policing the plan remains to be worked out. If one profligate opera house were to breach the limits, the inflationary cycle could start up all over again.

No one wants to prevent opera stars from reaping the rewards of their talents, but a high-tide mark seems to have been reached. Even the lavishly subsidized opera houses of Europe can no longer keep up with the high cost of prima donnas.

RECORD NOTES

A recent UNESCO conference has agreed that recordings deserve the same customs exemption that books have enjoyed for many years. Upon ratification by signatories to the agreement, discs and tapes will no longer be subject to a duty when transported across national boundaries. The United States and the Common Market countries are expected to approve the duty-free status of recordings without delay.... The estate of Bessie Smith is challenging contracts made between Columbia Records and the great blues singer in the 1920s. According to the executors, these contracts stipulated a flat fee ($125 to $200 a side) without provision for royalties. The complaint challenges the contracts on the grounds that Bessie Smith was "unsophisticated and ignorant in legal and financial matters and was easily taken advantage of by those who managed her business and financial affairs." The singer, who died in 1937, is survived by a son.... Nippon Phonogram, one of Japan's large record companies, is bringing out the complete works of Mozart on discs. Whenever feasible, the firm is using existing recordings under license from the original producers, but the equivalent of about 15 new LP records has been recorded specifically for the series. The set will run to some 170 records and will carry a price tag of $1,050. Nippon Phonogram says that orders for 1,500 sets are already on the books. —ROLAND GELATT

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The Recycling of Boston

by Jane Holtz Kay

BOSTON is a secondhand city. Its architecture is broken in, as worn and weathered as some autocrat of the breakfast table's pet chair. Though Boston has had its share of firsthand architects—Bulfinch and Richardson a century ago, I. M. Pei and Philip Johnson today—the city at its best is modest old brick. It is not the single structure but the mass of buildings that makes Boston a place to be prized.

Congeniality. Amiability. Weathering. Those virtues of urban design were held in low esteem until quite recently. Shunning the easy aging of old and new, the 1960s saw glamour in the wipe-out, start-from-scratch city. Only poverty saved Boston from much of that gratuitous removal. When "urban renewal" had run its course, many of Boston's buildings had survived, but narrowly: they had decayed beyond the point where a good paint-and-repair job (much the best part of preservation) would really work. Instead, some of the city has undergone a more or less extensive "recycling."

This kind of architectural surgery—where wharves become candle shops, and cow palaces, boutiques—has been applied to old buildings in cities throughout America, of course. But architectural rehabilitation is at its most endless in "antique" Boston, where recycling runs the gamut from mild to heroic. The full spectrum appears in Boston's two most ambitious efforts: the high-polish rehabilitation of Faneuil Hall Market and the low-key touch-up at the Boston Center for the Arts (BCA).

To take the glossy extreme first, Faneuil Hall Market is much the smartest place to see this season. Once seemingly doomed by the departure of the wholesale-food people, the market's rebirth is the mythical Cinderella story. Two of its three long brick buildings, the North and South markets, are now being refurbished, and the center structure has already been completely redone. That center, Quincy Market, is teeming. Its 92-foot-high rotunda rings with the sound of charity balls. Hundreds of office workers and visitors ramble down the 535-foot-long inner "street" of its once grimy stalls, buying crafts and foods from chic booths and posh pushcarts. The walker is encased, as removed from city grit as he would be on a suburban mall. "California," native critics call the place. It is slickly pristine, light-years away from all that went before. Still, at night and on weekends—all those times when fleeing suburbanites usually turn inner cities into the Di Chirico cliché—there is action here.

Walk a few hundred paces from the market to the transformed waterfront and you can see the whole section recycled in this gleaming mode. On the waterfront, old wharfside buildings now hold condominiums and ferny salad bars. There are singles bars carved out of defunct cargo sheds and expensive apartments in structures that once held raw goods. The newest triumph is an atrium set in the hollow innards of the old Mercantile Wharf Building (see picture). Behind its blunt brick facade, the planted, gilded, Hyattized lobby serves six floors of mixed-income apartments funded by the Massachusetts Housing and Finance Agency and designed by architect John Sharratt. In front, a park has been shaped by landscape architects Sasaki, Dawson, and DeMay for the Boston Redevelopment Authority. It is filled day and night. Even the grim elevated highway between the waterfront and market zones is no obstacle to the area's revived life.

IN SHORT, this most radical form of recycling has produced a rebirth within decay. To many, the market is "the best thing that ever happened to the city." But others look upon it in a more ambivalent, even hostile way. "In terms of the architecture of the situation, the market buildings have been ravished," Leslie Larson, head of the City Conservation League, says flatly. He exemplifies the "alternate" urban view, which decries the ruthless "restoration" of a colonial facade to replace the years of architectural accretions between the market's birth in 1826 and today's new life. He mourns the loss of the Victorian odd lot of windows, doors, roofs, is distressed by the somewhat antiseptic insides, and worries that high rents may not work economically. Most urbanists share these legitimate concerns. Meanwhile, the neighborhoods on the edges have concerns of another sort. The North End Italian neighbors, made famous in Jane Jacobs's *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, fear the coming of affluent singles and two-car repatriates and the noisy, costly life-style of the nouveau urbanite.

"But of course," even Larson concedes, "the market is a very exciting thing in terms of popular response."

"In terms of popular response"—to swing to the opposite extreme of Boston's recycling—the Boston Center for the Arts is no glittering success. This haphazard complex in Boston's South End is not photogenic in the conventional way. Its preservation has proceeded by fits and starts. Indeed, its president and founder, Royal Cloyd, calls himself "the Boston scrounger." Coatless, the tall arts entrepreneur cum social worker relates anecdotes about the center's unheated 1930s National Theater and professes not to feel the chill. Perhaps it takes that kind of thick skin to withstand a decade in the former skid row. The theater is dank; its exterior, battered; the neighborhood, marginal. You must be an initiate to see why a recent report by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Educational Facilities Laboratory, titled *The Arts in Found Places*, singled out the Boston Center for the Arts as "one of the most extensive and astonishing uses of found space for the artist in this country." This singular found place is, in fact, eight found places—a collection of buildings that ranges from the down-and-out elegance of the city's first apartment

Jane Holtz Kay is architecture critic for The Nation *and is currently writing a book on "Lost Boston."*

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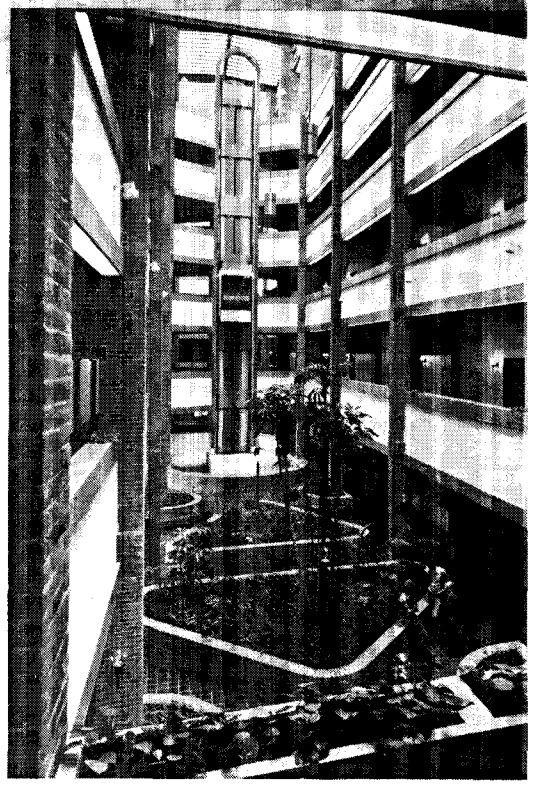
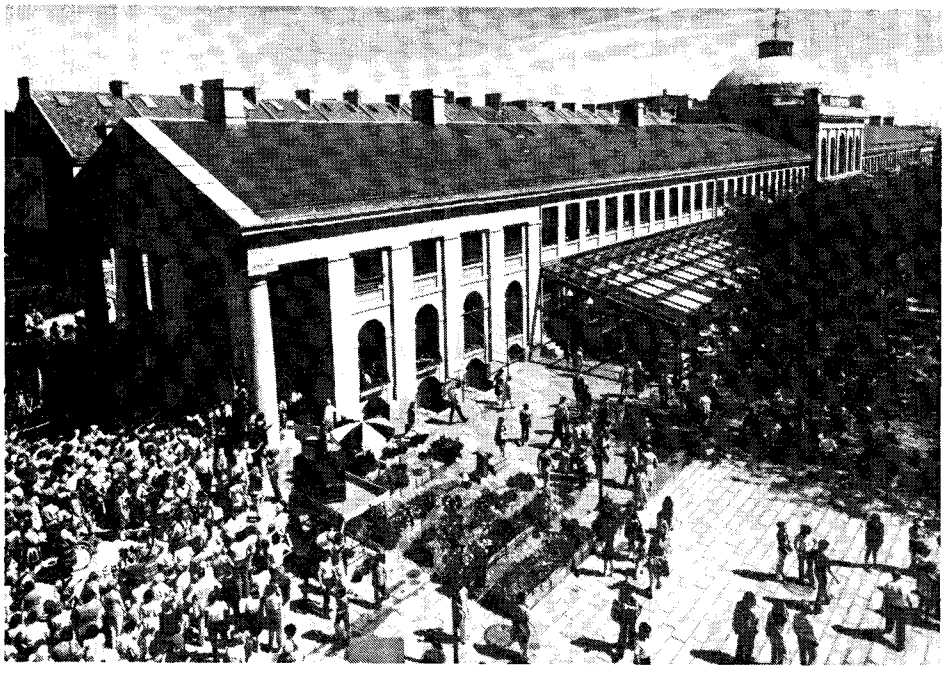
Steve Rosenthal



Mercantile Wharf Building, above, with inner atrium, right—"Behind its blunt brick facade . . . six floors of mixed-income apartments."

Below, the refurbished Quincy Market—"Hundreds of office workers and visitors ramble down the 535-foot-long inner 'street' of its once grimy stalls."

David Abbage



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Roy Cato at work in studio at Boston Center for the Arts—"Luxury is not the most important product here."

hotel to a concrete garage; from a town house to the mammoth cyclorama that once attracted thousands to a 400-foot mural of the Battle of Gettysburg.

Like the market, the center seemed destined for the wreckers when the wholesalers—here the flower people—pulled out a decade ago. Its rescue was not as dramatic as the market's but it was more charitable. Artists now pay a scant $2.75 per square foot in annual rent for well-lighted, whitewashed space; performing groups rent at cheap rates; and the battered neighborhood itself is getting a renewed life through street and structure repairs. The arts survive as perilously as the ragtag spaces that hold them, but both survive.

Architecturally, the BCA recycling hasn't won any prizes yet. And most Bostonians don't notice the BCA's move toward solvency. The greater financial stability, like the refurbished architecture, is being achieved by inches. Nor is arts quality consistent: the paintings in the gallery are so-so; theater and music groups come and go. The structures themselves—with their rickety stairs and peeling paint—seem to match the uncertain prospects of the tenants. Undoubtedly, a concrete garage is not an ideal dance hall; it required a latticed wood base and battleship linoleum to cushion the dancers' legs. Meanwhile, the rat-a-tat of architecture in process goes on. "There's never a time when we're not in construction," says BCA publicist Judy Glasser.

That is more boast than complaint. The very funky state of the six acres of space fits the arts enterprise. Paint and heat suffice; fixtures work; and if floors are not three-toned by choice, well . . . luxury is not the most important product here. An unpolished space allows flexibility—for a pay-by-the-hour rehearsal or a craft collective at Christmas.

The presence on the site of Eco-Tecture, the BCA architects, adds as much as the company's slow and easy touch. The small firm seems to know where to intrude (the colorful office space of the Community Music School or the adroit use of oak doors and moldings for artists' studios) and where to back off in modest carpentry. Three million dollars plus the "contributed services" of artists have gone far toward fixing the place. Some historic-preservation grants for the old hotel facade, a "scrounged" wrought-iron fence to link the motley bunch of buildings visually, and funds to renovate the National Theater should now help to move the center along.

But not too far, Cloyd hastens to insist. "We want to get cleaner and happier for suburban audiences," he says, "but we don't want to wipe out the traces. There is a kind of conflict between where most artists like to work and where people who like to see art want to be. We're trying to work in the middle."

Cloyd, like the Quincy Market critics, relishes the build-as-you-go spirit of old architecture. He recycles gingerly, by choice. Cloyd is also conscious of arts enterprises that built up monuments in the late 1960s and are now struggling with staggering debts a decade later. He must stay financially self-sufficient. And in this, too, the center's architectural humility helps: the light touch is an economic rationale, apart from being rational.

In between these two swings of Boston recycling, the city is continually engaged in acts of life and death for its old architecture. On the too scrubbed side, there is the recycling of the celebrated space of Old City Hall, a historic building that lost its elegant interior but held on to its street face in the redesign of Anderson Notter. On the lived-in end, there is the Webster House mansion, given a muted grace in the tender adaptation of architects Childs, Bertman, and Tseckares. There is the Record-American Building, which was nothing but a loft for the old presses and which became a collection of sleek offices after a gutting and a fix-up by developer Neil Raymond; and a police station given an inner staircase by Graham Gund in a transformation for the Institute of Contemporary Art.

Bostonians know old architecture well because they tend it daily: in the Back Bay and in Beacon Hill's brick enclaves, with their relatively stable populations; in the South End row houses blending city poor and city "pioneer"; and in the ethnic neighborhoods of the dense and struggling "streetcar suburbs." A well-worn city teaches that survival lies in the plurality of architecture and in its lived-in air. Less weathered cities also have their pockets of the past. They teach us all that urban life means care not just for the spanking new but for the old as well; that preservation lies not just in the gutted and immaculate glamour jobs of recycling but in quiet care for scarred old city neighborhoods. This is the balancing act of the new-old renewal. This is a proper recycling that treats architecture as an ongoing process, reborn in endless stops and starts, to be nurtured as carefully as life itself. ◉

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Detail

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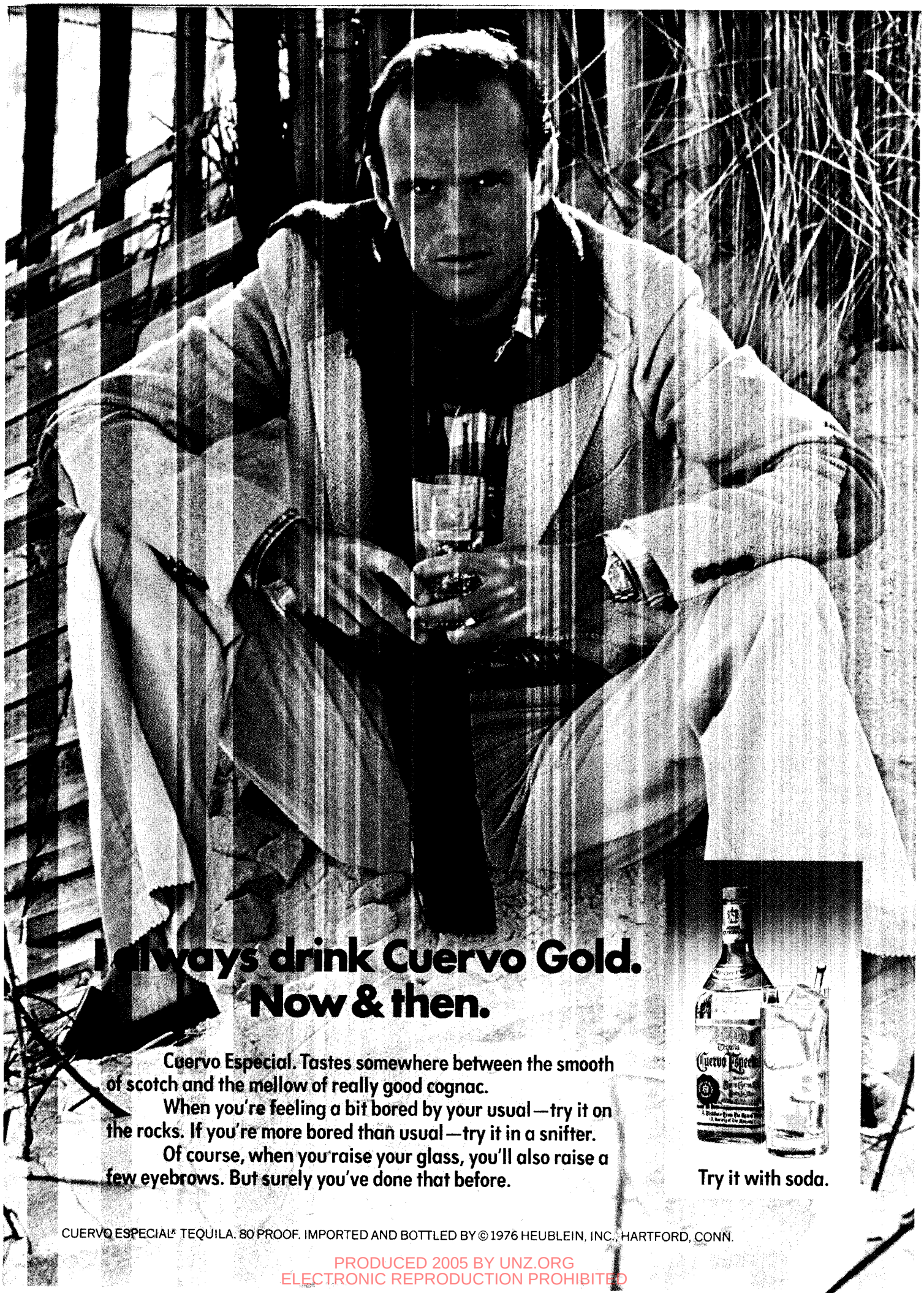

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Cuervo Especial. Tastes somewhere between the smooth of scotch and the mellow of really good cognac.

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Of course, when you raise your glass, you'll also raise a few eyebrows. But surely you've done that before.

Try it with soda.

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The Movies

Ape and Excrescence

by Judith Crist

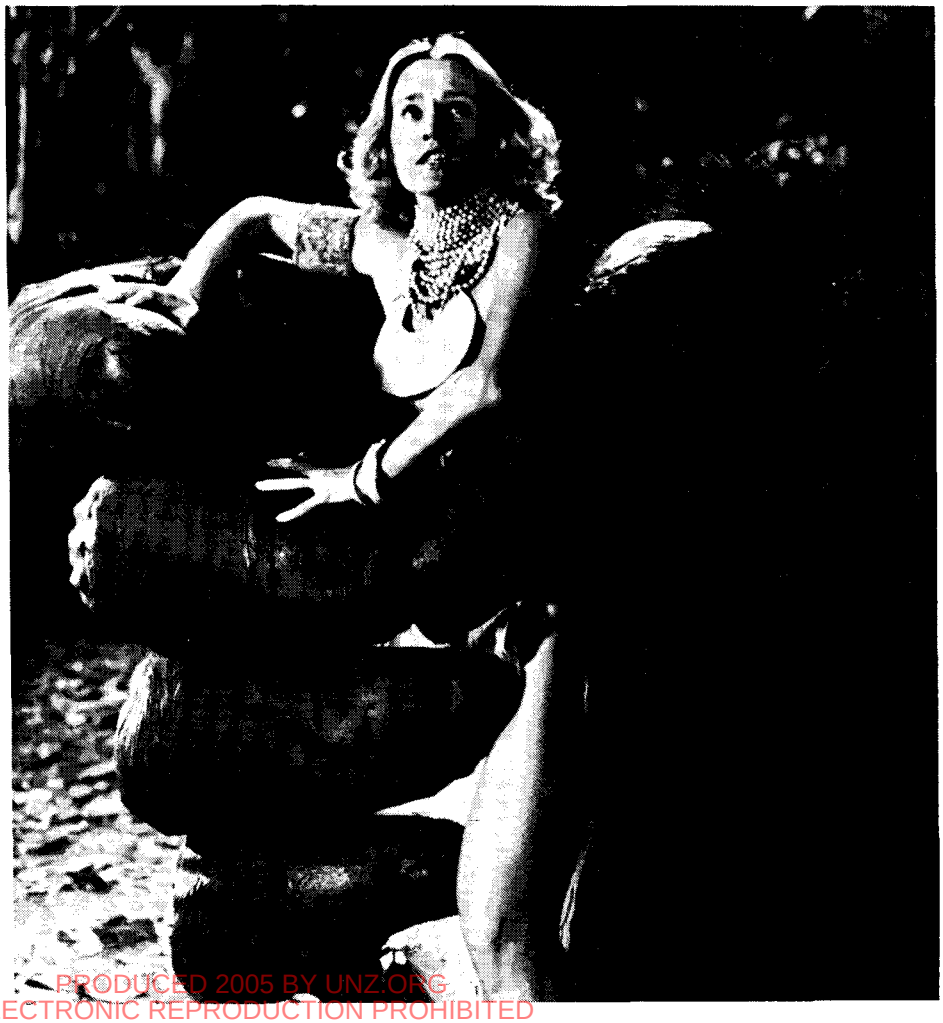
KING KONG is 38 feet 6 inches taller and Mrs. Norman Maine has become Esther Hoffman Howard—and that tells you the kind of progress we and our movies have made in the past 45 years: quantitative, not qualitative, with lip service to social change (if women's lib is to be included therein).

It doesn't, as the old cartoon had it, take much to collect a crowd in New York: getting a crowd of 30,000 citizens to function as unpaid extras massed around a 40-foot Styrofoam dummy prostrate in the plaza of the World Trade Center's twin towers is easy. To make the whole thing look as if it were done with cheap-jack miniatures on a badly painted studio set is the final accomplishment in Dino De Laurentiis's $25 million remake of *King Kong*. Along the way the story has been "updated," with the original moviemaking expedition changed to a corporate oil-exploration project; the prehistoric environment of Kong reduced to a silly little encounter with a peculiar hybrid snake; Fay Wray's Depression-career-girl heroine transmuted to Jessica Lange's Monroeish starlet; Bruce Cabot's virile first mate epicened into Jeff Bridges's Princeton paleontologist; Robert Armstrong's tough promoter turned into Charles Grodin's Madison Avenue buffoon. As to Kong himself, the one and original lovable monster is lost amid all the hydraulic manipulations in what now emerges as the story of a dumb blonde who falls for a huge plastic finger.

For those who have not seen the original film, the new version can be a foolish entertainment, made that way because of a total lack of viewpoint on the part of De Laurentiis (the kind of producer who makes mention of his director, John Guillerman, and screenwriter, Lorenzo Semple, Jr., literally academic). To cater to cynics, he starts out with one-liners and cheap self-mockery, totally vitiating, for anyone above the age of eight, the emotional and sentimental impact he so openly demands in the second half of the movie. What comes clear—and he has made no secret of it—is that this is a moneymaking project, with the big sell pointed to surpassing the $100 million *Jaws* has amassed. Not that the first *King Kong* wasn't massively promoted in its day; a long campaign warning of Kong's coming reached its climax with a dual premiere at the Roxy and Radio City Music Hall. Dino's Kong opened simultaneously in 2,200 theaters around the world. And to commemorate the occasion, 400 lucky members of the movie community received 20-inch statues of Kong, with brass plaques on the pedestals, immortalizing ape and producer. The statue is plastic. It's enough to start the old nostalgia burning—at worst with its reminder that 20 years ago Joseph E. Levine publicized his *Hercules* with 18-inch statues made of solid chocolate. Now *there* was a movie mogul with an awareness of where posterity lies.

POSTERITY for Esther Blodgett—the emergent screen queen of *A Star Is Born*—has, for 40 years, lain in her curtain line: "Hello, everybody—this is Mrs. Norman Maine." It was first said in 1937 by Janet Gaynor, who comes to Hollywood "to be somebody" and does it with the help of Norman Maine, an established star, whose career collapses with their marriage, his alcoholism, and her continuing rise as Vicki Lester. Maine, played by Fredric March, realizing that he is a blight on her career, commits suicide, and on her next public appearance she pays tribute to her beloved. The adolescents of my generation dissolved in floods of tears. A generation later, in 1954, Judy Garland and James Mason triumphed in a remake that reflected a maturing of both filmmakers and public, although the original story, which won an Oscar in 1937 for director William Wellman and scenarist Robert Carson, was little changed in plot. Esther was now a band singer, convinced by Norman Maine that she had movie potential. Maine had become a more complex man,

Jessica Lange—"A dumb blonde who falls for a huge plastic finger."



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Barbra Streisand—"A tough cookie—matzo ball would be more apt."

a vulnerable ego and a touch of nastiness fortifying his self-destructive drunkenness, while Charles Bickford and Jack Carson, succeeding Adolphe Menjou and Lionel Stander as prototype studio head and press agent, gave increased substance to the "inside" view of Hollywood. But the bittersweet story of the conjunction of rising and falling stars, of the price one pays for success, and of the vulnerability of the gifted remained unharmed.

Those of us who were in thrall to Fredric March's walk into the sea and sunset (to hell with cheap music, Noel—it's the suicides that get us moviegoers) swallowed our skepticism after confronting the obvious superiorities of the first remake. That lesson learned, even die-hard Garlandites could look forward to a second and now have one—with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson—updated to cover the true stardom of the 1970s, no longer Hollywood's but that of the rock-music world.

The new tag line is "Ladies and gentlemen, Esther Hoffman Howard"—Streisand's feminist salute to herself and the precede to an endless two-song, ten-minute finale to what has been a two-hour-and-twenty-minute wallow in the ultimate vanity production. Somewhere along the line, Kristofferson—a rock star already on the decline, croaking insults at his audience and boozing with beer and bourbon—has met her in a seedy nightclub, taken her home for some antiseptic, asexual, semi-nude romping in bed and bathtub, pushed her in front of a screaming audience, and single-handedly built an adobe house in mid-desert while she was cavorting around him. Finally, he drives off into the desert, beer can in hand, for a completely incredible off-camera car crash, in order to let Barbra emote endlessly over a corpse. And he has done these things seemingly coated in plastic, without even the stop motion or hydraulic animation of either generation of Kongs.

It is Barbra all the way, not only as star, executive producer, lyricist, and composer for several numbers (not to mention supplier of "musical concepts," her own clothes, and much of the interior furnishings), but also, unofficially, as editor of the film for six months. That Kristofferson survived at all is, perhaps, a tribute to her humanism (or contractual obligations). The Wellman–Carson story still gets credit, with John Gregory Dunne, Joan Didion, and director Frank Pierson listed as screenplay writers, but Esther Blodgett is dead and buried, along with her innocence, her vulnerability, her naïveté, and her sweet compassion. In her place is Esther Hoffman, a tough cookie—matzo ball would be more apt—making her shrewd, wisecracking way in a seedy world. Where she comes from or where she's going is never suggested; she's a superstar moving from one shooting location to another while a plot and a variety of characters float in and around the shots of Barbra, Barbra, Barbra, billed as Esther. No name-changes for her, she tells the press, no nothin' from nobody for this gal, who reacts to her beloved's suicide with a tirade against him for deserting her. The sentiment is as cheap as the final cut of the film, which uses the same stage and audience over and over for Kristofferson's and her performances, together, apart, before and after her alleged rise.

Nowhere are we given insights into the rock world, although Paul Mazursky wanders around as their manager, Gary Busey feeds Kristofferson cocaine as their road manager, and M. G. Kelly is given a couple of nasty lines as a disc jockey, apparently the evolution of the press-agent character. Certainly one would hope that the stars would bring some of their personal experiences to bear on their performances, if not on the plotting, but insight or ambience is so lacking that the whole affair seems to take place within a week from a story standpoint. From an audience standpoint it is closer to an eternity.

For Streisand admirers—and that we have been, with high regard for her acting as well as her singing—it is bitter to watch self-indulgence rampant. Rock 'n' roll is not her best milieu, and though a song or two (particularly a specialty bit, "Queen Bee," and her solo debut hit, "The Woman in the Moon") are true Streisand numbers, most emerge as bad imitations of Mick Jagger, serving at best to interrupt the pure boredom the film generates. Pierson, who also directed *The Looking Glass War*, but is better known as a scriptwriter (with *Dog Day Afternoon* to his Oscar-winning credit), reported recently the remark of a Warner's executive that, regardless of its quality, the movie would make $60 million if Streisand sang six songs. She sings eight. No threat to *Jaws*'s moneymaking record there—but vanity, after all, is its own reward. ◉

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Music to My Ears

A Last for Shostakovich, a First for James Conlon

by Irving Kolodin

SLOWLY the terminal works of Dimitri Shostakovich are falling into place, bringing closer the time when a total appraisal of this erratic, consequential but non-sequential career can be undertaken. First there was the last symphony (No. 15), then the last quartet (No. 14, heard here on a recording, but not yet in the concert hall), and finally the very last major work of all, a sonata for viola and piano. The latter, composed in the mid months of 1975, was performed last year in Moscow after Shostakovich's death and heard for the first time in this country at a concert of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in Alice Tully Hall.

Unlike the last symphony, which airs some autobiographical humors without sharing the secret of their purpose with the listener, or the final quartet, which, for me, lacks creative energy, the beautiful performance of the sonata by Walter Trampler and Richard Goode made us a true partner to Shostakovich's mind in the months when strength ebbed and the vista of life, though uncertain, was short rather than long. Not unlike the late sonatas of Brahms (which can be performed on the viola or the clarinet, with piano), the mood of the opening is, to say the least, autumnal. But it gathers strength as it progresses. The allegretto that follows is, if not humorous, at least *humorouso*, a wry reminder of some musical capers for which Shostakovich is famous.

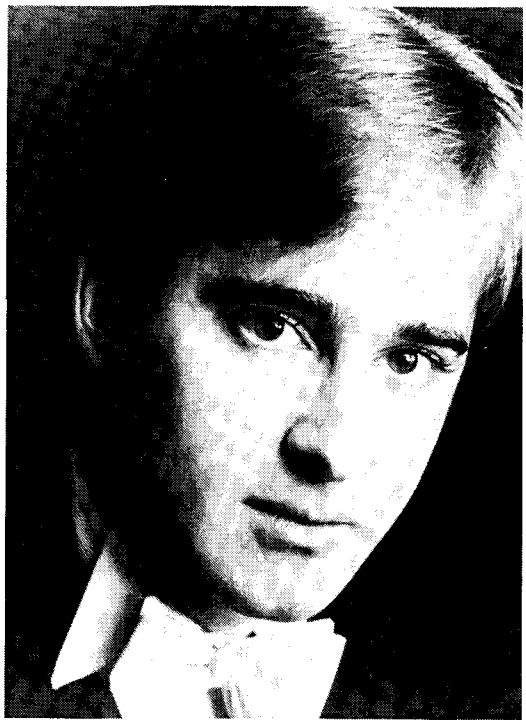
But it is in the insistently insinuating adagio with which the work (and so far as we know, Shostakovich's career) ends that we hear him, as this long day's labor of love, and some hate, draws to a close, contemplating what had preceded and concluding that the part of it that was love was not so hateful. At least this is the overtone of a movement whose melancholia is transmuted into eloquence. Some moments in which an insistent rhythmic pattern moves over an ostinato bass suggest the first movement of Beethoven's C-sharp Minor Sonata ("Moonlight"). This is not to suggest any cross-purpose; it is merely to identify the kind of material from which the work is made. It was greatly to the credit of Trampler and Goode that the performance made clear so much about the work: scores were not available.

NEW YORK-BORN in 1950 and thus twenty-seven years young, James Conlon made an impressive Metropolitan Opera debut as conductor of this season's revival of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*. Conlon gave evidence not only of knowing as much as can be taught about conducting but, more importantly, of having a sense of the many things that cannot. Among the latter are balance between stage and pit, the interrelation of voices and instruments, and the give-and-take that should prevail between them.

Not everything was smooth-flowing and tightly controlled in the first performance, which found Colette Boky, with whom Conlon had not rehearsed, replacing Rita Shane as Queen of the Night only hours before the performance and Sheila Nadler as a Third Lady new to the theater. But Conlon's Mozartian bent was altogether evident in his shaping of an ensemble from such American singers as Benita Valente (Pamina), Donald Gramm (Papageno), John Macurdy (Sarastro), Ellen Shade (First Lady), and Jean Kraft (Second Lady). Ragnar Ulfung, the excellent Swedish character artist, made something of a star part of Monostatos, and Stuart Burrows looked well and sang stylistically as Tamino. Age has enhanced the imaginative splendors of Marc Chagall's decor, which makes attendance at this *Zauberflöte* akin to spending four hours simultaneously at New York's two Metropolitans (Opera and Art).

A DOUBLE merit of a memorable pre-holiday program directed by Leonard Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and the Westminster Chorus in Avery Fisher Hall was the singing of soprano Judith Blegen. It earned ultimate praise in this listener's lexicon by being worthy of a paragon of yesterday named Maria Stader. The comparison went to two points: equality of excellent musicianship and vocal *multum* in bodily *parvo*. The Swiss-born Stader of the floating, fluty tones has been known to stand on a box beside the conductor to maintain some degree of visual communication. Blegen is perhaps an inch or two taller, and her artistic altitude matches her ability to produce solid tones in ranges most sopranos regretfully decline.

This pertained less to the register and



James Conlon—"An impressive Metropolitan Opera debut."

Judith Blegen—"Vocal multum *in bodily* parvo."

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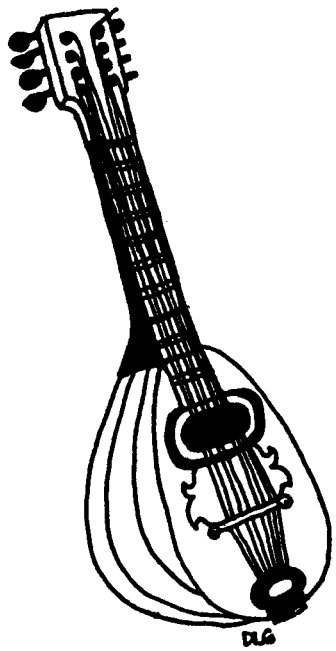
the need for arching legato in Poulenc's charming, distinctive, and totally engaging *Gloria* than to the more challenging dramatic requirements of Haydn's *Nelson Mass*. No one could rightfully term Blegen's sound "dramatic," but contrast is as much a factor of communication as volume, and her artful ability to swell, color, and intensify the amount of voice at her command counted for much in "*Qui tollis*," "*Quoniam*," and "*Et resurrexit*."

Associated with Blegen under Bernstein's expert direction were mezzo Gwendolyn Killebrew, tenor Kenneth Riegel, and bass baritone Simon Estes in a stirring



performance of one of Haydn's greatest, least often heard choral works. A product of the composer's post-English, post-*Creation* period, it is radiant with the choral glories he had heard and admired in the great works of Handel, with which he had been unacquainted prior to his visits to London. Estes, incidentally, has finally gained total control of what has long been an excellent low voice and is now a masterful interpreter for such music as the great "*Miserere*" of Haydn's noble work.

The well-chosen, typically Bernstein program of balances and contrasts began with a spacious sound suitable for Ralph Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*, projected with the breadth and delicacy possible in the Avery Fisher Hall's new acoustical environment. However, the equal need for a subdued visual frame was ill served by the high-level lighting. Taste is taste: but is there no energy crisis at Lincoln Center? ◉

Dance

The Met: A New Ballet Look

by Walter Terry

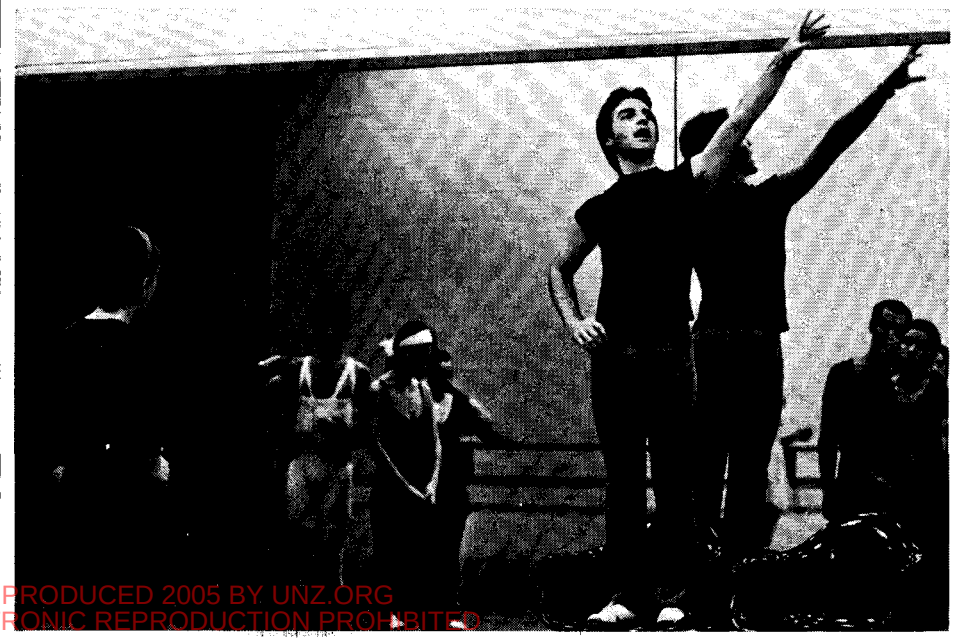
THE Metropolitan Opera Ballet, far too long the most dismissable (artistically) ballet company in America, is getting a new look. A key figure in this "operation uplift" is, of course, Anthony Bliss, the Met's executive director and long a wise and devoted supporter of American ballet enterprises. Mr. Bliss's predecessor, Sir Rudolf Bing, gave only sporadic support to opera ballet; although he engaged the illustrious ballerina Dame Alicia Markova as ballet director in 1963, her plans for regular "ballet evenings" were generally aborted after a gala try in 1965. Only Markova's "Damehood" provided the Metropolitan Opera Ballet with any kind of aura during her years there, and in recent seasons the Met hasn't bothered with a ballet director at all.

Now, under the Bliss aegis, a trio of talents has already given ballet at the Metropolitan Opera a new stature. The trio is composed of Jane Hermann, the Met's director of special projects, who presided over the formation and successful debut (last summer, at the American Dance Festival in New London, Connecticut) of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet Ensemble; Norbert Vesak, the newly appointed director of ballet and choreographer of the sumptuous new production of Massenet's *Esclarmonde*; and Stuart Sebastian, who in his Met debut produced a new "Walpurgis Night" (for Gounod's *Faust*) that is the finest classical opera ballet the Metropolitan Opera has seen since Zachary Solov created his unforgettably lovely court ballet for *Manon* in 1952 (with the Met's Maria Karnilova a reincarnation of the fabled La Camargo). Solov at that time had won the very first of the prestigious Capezio Dance Awards, now a quarter-century old, for "distinguished service in the field of American dance, for the establishment of new standards of excellence within the area of the art which treats with opera ballet." Twenty-five years later, choreographer Sebastian has renewed that high promise in his major *Faust* offering.

Obviously, the Metropolitan Opera Ballet has not undergone a total transformation overnight. How could it, considering its recent subgrade-Cinderella status? One of the ladies of the *corps* told Sebastian that her ballet assignments had been so limited at the Met that she had not been on *pointe* onstage in six years! And, to be honest, some of the dancers are no longer—and perhaps some never were—of the caliber desirable in a major opera

Stuart Sebastian in rehearsal—"Dramatic and scenic integration."

Robert Gindick



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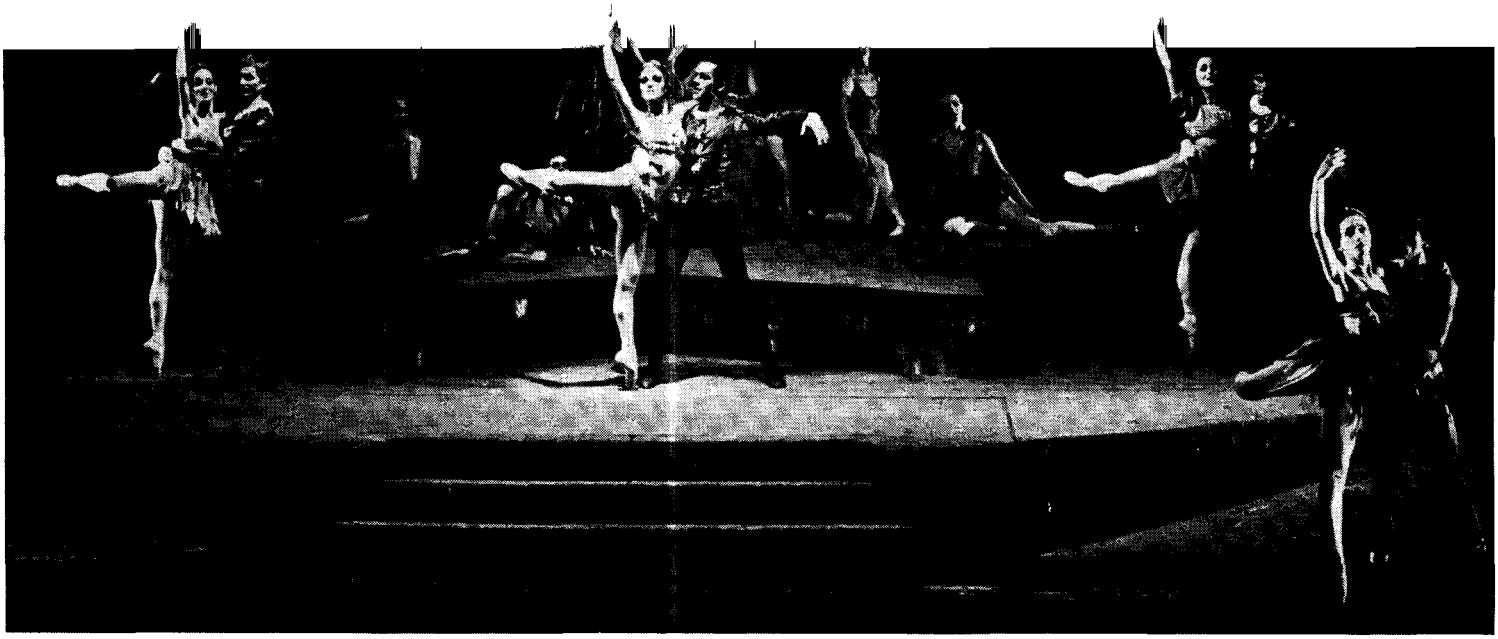

J. Heffernan

"Walpurgis Night"—"Wholly classical, exquisitely phrased, and rewarding to the Met dancers . . ."

ıouse. So there will have to be new faces—ınd bodies!—before the Metropolitan)pera Ballet's face-lift, body-lift, toe-lift ›roject is completed.

But Mrs. Hermann, hot onto special ›rojects when she joined the Met barely ı year ago, didn't dawdle with the dance naterials Mr. Bliss had inherited. An ex-›erienced ballet administrator previously ıssociated with both the Robert Joffrey ınd Eliot Feld ballets, Mrs. Hermann got ıerself a budget, got the dancers into ıeavy rehearsal schedules (they all wanted o dance but nobody asked them), and got ı program planned. With Norbert Vesak :horeographing, coaching, and directing, he new Metropolitan Opera Ballet En-emble made its bow in a full dance pro-;ram that ranged from Michel Fokine's ıistoric *Le Carnaval* through Vesak's *Fledermaus* waltzes to Bob Fosse's "Rich Man's Frug" from *Sweet Charity*.

The new opera ballet unit has not only ›layed the festival at New London but has ›erformed in other cities as well and is ›resently the subject of a CBS-TV *Camera Three* project scheduled for later release. Mrs. Hermann, who acts as manager for he ensemble, reports that every program vill include at least one ballet from a Metropolitan Opera production, with Se-›astian's stunning "Walpurgis Night" a ikely selection as the grand finale for the ıext touring program. The ensemble will ılso present, for schools and colleges, ecture-demonstrations on opera ballet.

Vesak, who is artistic director of the ouring ensemble as well as the Met's di-·ector of ballet, is a prolific choreogra-pher. His ballets—more than 20 created in the last five years!—have been seen worldwide. Among his most distinguished works is *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe*, a tragedy on a contemporary Canadian Indian theme, choreographed for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. It is Vesak's stated purpose to make opera ballet today an integral part of what he calls "classical epic musical theater" so that "dance or movement usage becomes a device that is of value to the *mise-en-scène*, sets the ambience or milieu of any given locale, and furthers the plot of the piece—in the manner of an abstracted dramatic-scenographic segment—or is an 'honest' entertainment, a good definition of those interpolated ballets found in French or Paris-style opera." But Vesak is also well aware that music for many an opera ballet is present simply so that, in an earlier era, "ardent admirers of coryphées might see their favorites." Such music is not sacred. It is not often very good. It is for entertainment.

In the "Walpurgis Night," Sebastian is presented with a scene that is presumably related to that action of the drama. It speaks of temptations and temptresses, but even a casual hearkening to the music informs you that it would be wholly suitable for a Christian Endeavor meeting. It is not sensual at all. It simply *plays* at naughtiness. Sebastian has recognized this—he is, in many respects, the most musical of the newest generation of classical ballet choreographers—and his three principal *danseuses* play at being Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and Thaïs with just about the same verity, and insouciant charm, that Marie Antoinette affected when it amused her to pretend that she could live the life of a simple shepherdess.

Thus, the choreography for this "Walpurgis Night," set down this time within *Faust* itself, has none of the bombast or ridiculously false sexuality found in the Bolshoi Ballet's independent version of the work. The Bolshoi provides camp. Sebastian provides elegant entertainment that is in total accord with the quality of the music and in keeping with the perfumed classicism of nineteenth-century French *ballet d'école*. Yet the choreographer does achieve dramatic and scenic integration by weaving both Faust and Mephistopheles into the action and arranging his choreographic figurations on rises, ramps, stairs. His opening designs are, indeed, a choreographic *récitatif* to the danced airs that follow. The core of the ballet is wholly classical, exquisitely phrased, and rewarding to the Met dancers at their present technical level. It makes them look good. It makes them dance better than they have in years. No wonder there were loud bravos on the occasion of this opera ballet premiere.

Opera lovers know that one of the musical glories of *Faust* is the last-act "Trio." For balletomanes, a brave new hope for opera ballet is presently symbolized by another trio, the threesome of Hermann (manager-believer-instigator), Vesak (director-choreographer), and Sebastian (choreographer), with "entertainment" honors going to Stuart Sebastian for the Met's best opera ballet in classical style since way back when. . . . ◉

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Television

A Vote Against "Documentary" Dramas

by Karl E. Meyer

THERE is an Orwellian smell about a new form of prime-time entertainment in which the real drama of history is given an instant replay as a "B" picture with an all-star Hollywood cast. Do we really know what happened in the event depicted? Have the makers of the film made a serious effort to consult the available record? And is the viewer fairly warned that what appears on the screen is part fact, part romance?

All these doubts troubled me when I saw *The Guns of October*, the first of the "documentary dramas," on ABC in 1973. The producers drew heavily (and without giving adequate credit) on Elie Abel's excellent book about the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962. And as Abel, now dean of the Columbia School of Journalism, would I'm sure be the first to say, we really don't know what happened in the Kremlin as Nikita Khrushchev pulled the missiles out. But the viewer of *Guns* got a more clairvoyant impression.

CBS danced on the same thin ice last year in presenting a "documentary" dramatization of the Manson murders. Here there was also a question of taste and legal fair play. Was any purpose, besides the pursuit of ratings, served by *Helter Skelter*? Is it right, having tried the Manson "family" in court, to re-try the case on television from the prosecution point of view?

And then came Entebbe.

All the civilized world rejoiced when Israeli commandos saved 103 hostages, confounded the cruelest of terrorists, and as a bonus outsmarted Idi Amin Dada of Uganda. But there was something unseemly about the rejoicing in Hollywood. Hardly was the blood dry on the runway before the race to the cameras, to see who could produce the first picture on Entebbe for television, began.

ABC won, with *Victory at Entebbe*, broadcast on Monday, December 13. Coming up smartly behind was NBC, whose "documentary drama"—also three hours long and also with an all-star cast—was shown on Sunday, January 9, right after the Super Bowl. (Reportedly, there are three feature films in various hectic stages of production, but these will be shown in movie theaters.)

For deadline reasons, I was unable to see NBC's entry, but I did watch *Victory at Entebbe*, and that was enough to harden my reservations into a dissent. Not for a moment do I doubt the good intentions of producer Robert Guenette and screenwriter Ernest Kinoy. I do question their sophistication as instant historians.

"We approached this project as journalists and documentarians," Guenette has said. Within 24 hours after the rescue, the producer was in Israel to interview those involved. The ABC team managed to see Defense Minister Shimon Peres and his staff—but not Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, whose chief party rival happens to be Shimon Peres.

In the film, Prime Minister Rabin (Anthony Hopkins) comes across as a stone-faced technocrat speaking in a curious, clipped Teutonic accent. If *Victory at Entebbe* has a political hero, it is clearly Defense Minister Peres (Burt Lancaster), who urges action while Rabin equivocates. At one point, Peres snaps, "The question is, Does Rabin want to talk or fight?"

Indeed, I am informed that the initial version was so tilted that when the defense minister himself saw it, during a visit to New York, he urged changes. In the final version, we hear the voice of Rabin saying, "The military plan is a must. I support it and will press for its approval." But the camera is not on his face or lips, and my guess is that this was dubbed in at the last minute.

Seen in a theater, all this would matter less. But on television, a film like *Victory at Entebbe* has a greater luster of authority. The networks spend millions to assure accuracy of news and documentary programs, and the viewer of a "documentary drama" may plausibly assume that the contents carry a seal of approval. In fact, network news departments have nothing to do with "fact dramatizations," which are independently made in Hollywood, on contract for entertainment departments.

HISTORY is certainly fair game for entertainment programs. I had no objection to ABC's *Eleanor and Franklin*, based on a reputable book and about events long past. I do protest, however, and strenuously, to instant replays of controversial events, in which viewer response is crudely manipulated. But if we must have such replays, I propose these restraints:

1. All such programs should have a qualified consultant and should be vetted by network news departments.

2. Big-name Hollywood actors should be abjured—casting familiar faces is a way of emotionally loading the dice.

3. In slow, clear words, an announcer ought to specify what scenes are based on surmise (such as closed cabinet meetings).

4. Commercials should be bunched at the beginning and the end of any documentary drama exploiting human tragedy; it is debasing to switch from massacres and holocausts to a blurb for Preparation H. ◉

Wit Twister No. 89

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 61

"Why have you — — — — — — in here?" she said.

"How big a nuisance can you be?

"You see I'm — — — — — — for early bed,

"Yet in you burst to — — — — — — me!"

Contributed by Cyril Upham, Washington, D.C.

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Booked for Travel

A Quartet from Far Corners

by Horace Sutton

1. FIVE years ago few people outside Greek shipping circles and the London brokerage fraternity would have been familiar with the Carras family. It was not really until the head of that beauteous goddess appeared in American periodicals, seeming to send ships across the seas on whisper-soft zephyrs, that the Carras name became visible in the public prints.

The image was created to promote two luxury cruise ships rebuilt and launched by the Carras family. As it turns out, the ships are really part of a larger venture into tourism taken by Carras, which has twenty-five freighters plying the world routes and has been in business for over a hundred years.

John Carras, the present patriarch, chose his son Costa to operate the luxury ships, an interesting selection since Costa is intellectual, scholarly, and even mystic. For a time he toyed with joining the monks on Mount Athos, a pearl of fancy that dazzles his acquaintances when they are told of it.

He didn't climb the mountain, however, but he retained his deep interest in the Greek Orthodox Church. In the English schools to which he was sent, he burrowed into ancient history, ancient and modern philosophy, and classical literature. He emerged from Oxford caked in culture and possessed of a faculty for speaking Latin, classical and modern Greek, French, and English, which he masters with an Oxonian accent.

Scholars—and religionists—are noble, but they don't do much to advance freighter shipping. Costa took two more years at Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration. He has emerged today, at thirty-eight, a figure of beard and breeding, curling conversation with Oxonian accents and fingering away the stress of commercial life with a string of worry beads.

It is little wonder that the cruise ships, the MTS *Danae* and the MTS *Daphne*, have turned out to be floating halls of academe. They sail to rare places, carry lecturers of distinguished pedigree. The *Danae*, now on an 88-day excursion eastward toward Kwangchow, is making calls in places with names like Safaga, Djibouti, Muscat, Abu Dhabi, and Abadan. At Basra some passengers will take an overnight train to Hillah—sixty miles south of Baghdad—built of spare parts looted from Babylon, north of the town.

Costa, who collects Byzantine art and Persian pottery, is ensuring that the *Danae*'s passengers do not miss the Iraqi Museum, with its glass, its bronzes, and its panels lifted from Sumerian, Samarran, and Ur digs. When it gets to China late this month, the *Danae* will be the first Western vessel ever to call at a port of the People's Republic. Ordinarily, ships' passengers travel by train from Hong Kong.

A new-style Greek millionaire, Costa Carras is academician as well as entrepreneur. Although he is the most visible of the family members, his shipping line was really intended only as an adjunct—the mobile arm—of the Carras public venture. John Carras, Costa's father, started it all when he bought 4,500 acres in Macedonia, determined to do something for Greece on Greek soil.

He is building, as he has been for several years and will continue to do through 1977, an enormous resort that will have room for over 3,000 visitors and berthing space for 180 yachts. Porto Carras, as this project is known, will be the largest privately owned resort in the world. It is already producing agreeable wines available in Athens, as well as olives and oil. By opening day it will be, alimentarily, self-sufficient. John has literally put Porto Carras on the map and Costa, for his long-hair part, is carrying the Carras name to corners like Surabaja, Rangoon, and Mombasa. In turning to innkeeping, floating and land-based, the Carras family joins a long line of men of wealth to whom that calling seems irresistible, a list that would include Laurance Rockefeller and the Aga Khan for starters.

2. ABOUT the time that Hitler was mucking about in Poland, Hans Hass, a twenty-year-old student at Berlin University, arrived in Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies, bearing a spear and a camera. Greeted as a spy, or at least a liaison man with German U-boats, Hass was nonetheless permitted to make some experimental dives from the old Piscadera Club. He had by this time already been spearfishing, two years earlier, on the French Riviera, and, a year previous to his Caribbean adventure, had made his first underwater films along the coast of Dalmatia.

A few weeks ago, Dr. Hass, now fifty-

Porto Carras—"already producing agreeable wines as well as olives and oil."

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seven, made a sentimental return to Curaçao, whither he had been invited by Lislind International, a travel agency that, among other things, makes a specialty of setting up tours for divers. Hass found the site of the Piscadera Club occupied by the Curaçao Hilton, an attractive outpost of the string, and the waters and the coral reefs were quite as alluring as he had remembered them. Although an inland person—he lives in Vienna, where he was born—Dr. Hass spends almost as much time underwater as he does above. He has changed his views about spearfishing, however. An air tank and mechanical weapons make the underwater hunt as unfair as potting a deer in one's backyard. If the rules were his to make, he would permit nothing more advanced than the Hawaiian slingshot, a rod-and-rubber-band device—that being the sole weapon that gives a fish a chance. He is also against the breaking of coral and otherwise disfiguring the sea floor and has helped to push through legislation in many countries—Italy is a singular holdout—to protect both fish and coral. Even in the Seychelles, a favorite place for skin and scuba divers, the baggage of arriving passengers is checked for offensive underwater gear.

"I advocated the sport and I now see the consequences and I am going in the opposite direction," Hass says.

One thing he is staying firm about, however, is the matter of sharks. Back in 1939 he was calling them shy and timid creatures, and he is repeating it now. He is also saying, "There are more fatalities from wasps and bees than from sharks. That's a fact known to every diver. It's no problem to avoid them; the problem is to find them and photograph them."

The trouble is, once you have found them, they may never let you go. A deterrent is shouting, except that it doesn't work with white-fin sharks and with tiger sharks, and by the time you find out what kind of shark you're telling to get lost, it may be too late.

Hitting a shark with a stick, should one be handy, is recommended, and the gills rather than the nose is a more vulnerable spot. In some 2,500 encounters with sharks, Hass has only been attacked five times. Sharks, he thinks, are territorial animals, and by attacking they are saying you have invaded their territory. Submitting the confrontation to arbitration might not prove a workable idea.

Hass hasn't taken up the matter yet with Peter Benchley, who is busy counting his money, but shark as voracious beast is an incorrect theory in Hass's opinion. Diving accounts for far more fatalities—about one every three days in the U.S. and Caribbean. Still, scuba diving and skin diving are burgeoning sports. Curaçao is just beginning to develop, but Bonaire, a lovely neighboring island preferred by flamingos, is well turned out for divers and has a capability for handling about 100 at a time.

The Lislind people have ten assorted Caribbean diving tours, each eight days and seven nights long. Aside from such well-known places as Eleuthera in the Bahamas, St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, and Grand Cayman, they make calls at Spyglass Hill at Roatán in Honduras and at Club Akumal Caribe (*SR*, July 24, 1976) in Quintana Roo on Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula. Anybody more adventurous can make tracks for Port Sudan, Elat, or Sharm-el-Sheikh on the Red Sea, or perhaps the Maldives. When meeting a shark, mention Dr. Hass.

3. Antonios Andronikou is a young and exuberant man who comes from an old yet hopeful island. Andronikou is a Cypriot whose island, anchored there in the eastern Mediterranean, has been battleground and haven for centuries. There were the Arabs and the Crusaders, the Venetians and the Lusignans, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Turks. Always the Turks. I met Andronikou in the warmth of the spring of 1974, before the Turkish invasions of that summer. He laughed at the Danish soldiers from the U.N. force, calling them paid vacationers. The peace kept itself, he said. A few months later, when the war came, the paid vacationers were toothless to stop it.

Theater at Curium, Cyprus—"hopeful."

The Diving Hasses—"sharks are timid."

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But in the spring before Cyprus exploded, Andronikou was a happy man, for he had new hotels going up everywhere—along the northern coast around Kyrenia, and especially in Famagusta, which had just opened the mammoth Golden Sands, to be run by Trust Houses Forte—cabanas on the sand, villas by the sea, a tall shaft rising above Othello's Tower, tennis courts, elegant restaurants. Above all those amenities, indeed so many that Famagusta, along the island's eastern shore, was developing that familiar Miami look, Cyprus had everything—an ancient and varied culture, ruins of the Greeks and Romans, equable weather, agreeable prices, lively Greek restaurants, splendid native wines that had been preferred by the Crusaders, an abundance of beaches.

I had come in a straight shot from London on British Airways' regular nonstop service. No wonder the British were maintaining convenient service—British pensioners in regimental strength were positioned in the small hotels around Kyrenia harbor. Inside the Venetian battlements, archaeologists from the University of Pennsylvania were dusting off the spars of a ship reclaimed from the sea where it had lain since it sank about 300 B.C. Spoons, cups, and plates for its crew of four rested in a display case. There had been amphorae in the hold, indicating it may well have paid a call at Rhodes before foundering off the Cypriot coast.

Strangely, it was in the quintessential peace of Lake Como, later that summer, that I heard the news that the Turks had invaded Cyprus, bombing the northern coast and swarming ashore at Kyrenia. I thought of the girl I had seen, perched on the scaffolding, meticulously removing the dust from that ancient ship with an artist's paintbrush. What had happened to that delicate relic, what had happened to the abbey at Bellapaix in the heart of Durrell country? And what had happened to the patron of the Dimitris Café who had given me coffee and refused payment because I was obviously a foreigner and occupied with important business. Wasn't I, after all, making notes on a pad?

Now, two and a half years later, here was Andronikou still smiling—or, perhaps, smiling again, for there must have been a century of sorrow for him in the 800 days or so that had elapsed since I left him at the Nicosia airport. Now the airport is at Larnaca—a 9,000-foot runway served in pool by British Airways and Cyprus Airways. In May the Tristars will come direct from London to replace the Tridents. There are air links to Paris, Cairo, Athens, Damascus, and Tel Aviv.

The line of demarcation runs across the middle of the island, the northern half occupied by 30,000 Turkish troops. Beyond the line of partition lie Kyrenia, Bellapaix, Famagusta, the enormous ruins at Salamis, 96 percent of all the hotels that were under construction in the summer of '74, and 82 percent of all tourist accommodation. And yet Andronikou shines with confidence. Limassol, on the southern shore, has become the new center of tourism; Paphos, the new center of antiquity. A dozen new hotels are building and plans for thirty more have been filed. By the end of 1976, over 180,000 visitors had come back to Cyprus. The gain over the previous year was 400 percent. Dinner for two is still only five dollars, wine included; and a double room in a beachfront hotel is about $20. The most expensive, the Cyprus Hilton, is $23 a day (the London Hilton is $90). And a new hotel has opened in Nicosia: the Churchill, almost by name a symbol of the indomitability of an island people.

4. Only a few years ago, in the company of Gael Greene, even then undergoing the transmogrification from restaurant appraiser to novelist, and Danny Kaye, who was changing from spoofer to cook, I traveled out to the nether reaches of Paris, to a quarter called Asnières, to pay collective respects to a diminutive chef named Michel Guérard.

Guérard had captured gastronomic Paris with a tiny restaurant called Pot au Feu, and people who wouldn't otherwise have given their proper names if caught in such a grungy neighborhood were calling from America to book a table. Kaye, who had known Guérard from previous encounters, came bearing a gift, and Mme. Greene arrived bearing her appetite and pen. Kaye shortly disappeared into the small kitchen, only to show himself some moments later in full chef's regalia, making faces into the lens of a French television camera that had appeared out of the dark of night. A band of musicians dressed for an apache dance appeared, too, and while the place exploded we sat there sampling Guérard's surprises. Not the least of them was a Hong Kong-style wicker basket filled with large rolls, being passed by a table waiter. What I needed least in that caloric downpour was a large roll, and so I waved the bearer away. Not Gael, however, who took one, bit into it, and found that each roll contained a whole truffle. It was all immensely amusing, I assure

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Richard D. Heffner,

Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

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you, somewhat akin to that parlor in Rome that serves caviar with beans.

Despite all the attention—and from the right people, too—which included a bestowal of two stars from Michelin, a supreme compliment for such an otherwise modest restaurant, Guérard lost his lease when the building was marked for extinction. Guérard moved his talents and his wife to Eugénie-les-Bains, a spa near Pau, in the southwest corner of France, owned by his wife's family. There he developed a new mode of French cooking, eschewing the fattening foods for a style he called the *cuisine minceur*. Joseph Wechsberg paid him a profile call, the results appearing in *The New Yorker*; Craig Claiborne made a pilgrimage, recorded in *The New York Times*; and everyone this side of the *Little Falls Transcript* wrote a treatise on the marvels being perpetrated in that out-of-the-way corner.

The other week M. and Mme. Guérard showed up in New York to spend a culinary week at Régine, an elegant club that has opened in a welter of Art Deco at Delmonico's. The visit coincided with the appearance of Guérard's book, which not surprisingly is called *Cuisine Minceur*, a cookbook permitting the practitioner to produce Gallic gastronomy guaranteed not to expand the waistline.

While peddling the book on the one hand, M. Guérard, on the other, was producing quite another cuisine in Régine's kitchen which, contractually, he oversees. Dinner à la carte is available to anyone at the eight o'clock sitting and can also be had at the ten-thirty sitting for an additional $10 per person. The menu includes such bagatelles as scrambled eggs served in an eggshell with caviar on top; a salad of green beans, asparagus, slices of truffles, and foie gras washed in a dressing made of walnut oil; ham, foie gras, pasta, and morels with truffles; and an amazing assortment of pastries, for which Guérard first won honors. It was the most imaginative French dinner I had ever had in America.

As for the man himself, diminutive, successful, and forty-three, he had become, he says, a chef-gourmand, so rotund his fiancée had said to him, "Michel, if you would lose some weight, you'd look great." To win Christine's hand, he began "the Long March through fields of grated carrots." But win he did, and with Christine's help gave gastronomy a sharp turn. Over 200 pages of his recipes are available to any fatso who would dip into the pages of *Cuisine Minceur*. Skinny dipping? ◉

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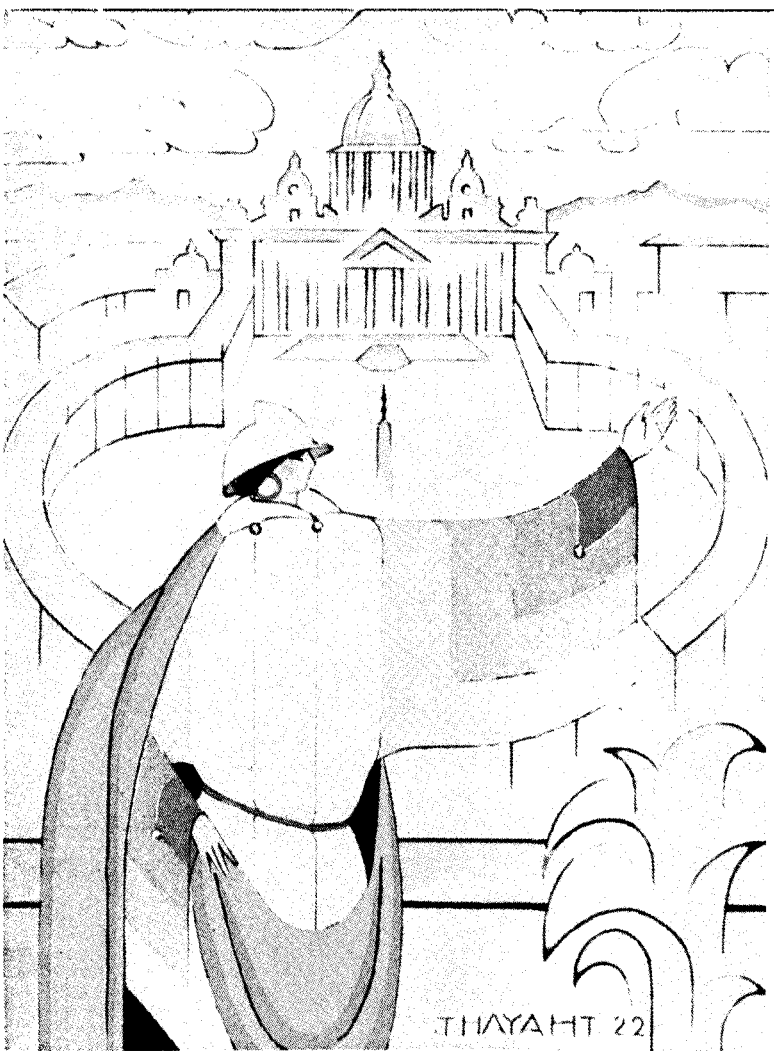

Illustrations from *The Golden Age of Style* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.)

Fad, Fashion, or Style?

by William M. Fine

DURING the Sixties and early Seventies fad caught up with fashion. A cloudburst of designer names appeared on luggage, towels, scarves, ties. Saks Fifth Avenue stamped "SFA," its imprimatur, on its tennis shoes and specially made fountain pens. Pierre Cardin put his name on everything from cars to chocolates. Anybody with $8 could sleep on a Christian Dior sheet. And now Bloomingdale's, a New York pacesetter, is offering lingerie with "Bloomie's" on the derriere.

People have wanted some evidence of fashion in their lives, and it has made no difference how much money they make. J. C. Penney has used the words "fashion" and "fashionable" several hundred times in its recent catalogs. So has Bergdorf Goodman in New York, Neiman Marcus in Texas, and I. Magnin in California.

But can everything be "in fashion"? Were "hot pants"—those tight, hip-hugging shorts into which several million women of all ages stuffed themselves—fashion or fad? Were

William Fine is publishing director of Harper's Bazaar, Town and Country, *and* House Beautiful. *He is a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers.*

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the jeans first worn by cowboys, then workmen, teen-agers, and everyone from six to sixty everywhere in the world—were they fashion or fad, or are they now in *style*? Was the mood ring that turned colors to match one's moods in style? Was it fashion or was it fad? The fact that it sold for $40 at Saks Fifth Avenue a few Christmases ago and for $1.19 at Walgreen's the next January would label it a fad.

To people who deal in taste and choice, a grasp of the meaning and significance of style is essential. Sociologists might suggest that style, in a way, keeps us civilized in an increasingly uncivilized world. Psychologists could identify an expression of style as today's supreme compliment.

But who is actually stylish? A few years ago, the fashionable word for living was "life-style," but what did it mean? How we lived? Where we spent our weekends? Where we dined, and with whom?

Style is badly in need of redefinition. It no longer depends (if it ever did) on social status or breeding, but rather on knowing what is ordinary and what is extraordinary.

The novelist Gael Greene has said that she distinguishes "style" and being "in style" in the same way as she does "love" and being "in love." She says "style" is unique. It is the consummate understanding of the image you wish to create, while fashion is what is currently accepted.

John Fairchild of *Women's Wear Daily* says, "Style is an expression of individualism, mixed with charisma." Fashion is something that comes after style. Fairchild also says that changes in fashion are created by the way people feel.

If fad is temporary fashion, and fashion *is* change, then style is fashion that is *here today* and *here tomorrow*.

And if you accept that explanation, perhaps you'll accept these examples of fad or fashion or style in people, clothes, books, plays, and just about everything. Readers who have their own examples of what is fad, fashion, or style may send them to: FFS Editor, Saturday Review, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. *SR* will print a selection of the most stylish entries before the whole fashionable idea becomes a fad. ◉

FAD	FASHION	STYLE
The Reverend Sun Myung Moon	Zen	God
The Village Voice	*New York* magazine	*The New Yorker*
Arthur Treacher's Fish 'n' Chips	Nathan's hot dogs	Howard Johnson's hot dogs
Texas Instruments' digital watch	Cartier tank watch	Rolex watch
Backgammon	Monopoly	Chess
Green carnations	Tiger lilies	Tulips
Day-Glo	Blue	Beige
Harvey Wallbanger	Vodka martinis	Gin martinis
Las Vegas	Beverly Hills	Boston
Playboy Clubs	The University Club	The Racquet Club
Oh, Calcutta	*Equus*	*My Fair Lady*
Pizza	Brie	Stilton
The Rolling Stones	The Supremes	The Beatles
Doonesbury	Peanuts	Steinberg
ABC	CBS	PBS
Hustler	*Playboy*	*Adam*
Tom Jones	John Denver	Frank Sinatra
Tony Curtis	George Hamilton	Cary Grant
Elliott Gould	Jack Nicholson	Robert Redford
Parachute pants	Corduroy pants	Jeans
Massage parlors	Sex	Love
Epaulets on shirts	Striped shirts	Button-down shirts
Swifty Lazar	Candida Donadio	Sterling Lord
Sally Quinn	Barbara Walters	Walter Cronkite
David Frost	Dick Cavett	Alistair Cooke
Leisure suits	Cashmere jackets	Blue blazers
Bette Midler	Liza Minnelli	Lena Horne
The Fonz	Dick Van Dyke	Bob Hope
Fanne Fox	Elizabeth Ray	Nina Van Pallant
Baretta	*Kojak*	*Columbo*
The Volkswagen Rabbit	The Cadillac Seville	Ford station wagons
Ragtime	*Trinity*	*Humboldt's Gift*
Gael Greene	Jacqueline Susann	Balzac
East: Maxwell's Plum	Caravelle	"21"
West: The Saloon	Bistro	Chasen's
Peking	Paris	Dublin
Telly Savalas	Yul Brynner	Buddha

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Diversions

News to Brighten Your Day

by Leo Rosten

One of the unique rewards of travel (I have often preached) is reading the local press wherever you find yourself. If you need help with the language, just tip the concierge, flatter a passing schoolboy, or throw yourself at the feet of the nearest cop.

I have tickled my ribs, and surprisingly enlarged my education, by mining foreign papers with my breakfast during umpteen journeys in recent years. Here is a bagful of gems worth their weight in rupees:

The Doctor's Dilemma

A young British surgeon, on his first visit to America, was invited to look up a cystoscope, an instrument for viewing the inside of the bladder. To his astonishment, he saw in the light of the instrument the sign: "Visit Joe's Bar"!

For a moment it seemed to the young surgeon that he was visualizing the final extremity of a national mania for advertisement. But when he moved the instrument, he saw that he was looking at a segment of one of those plastic cocktail sticks which American restaurants provide. How it got there remained a mystery.

John Rowan Wilson
The Spectator *(London,*

I have interviewed a covey of urologists since learning of Joe's intra-urinary bar. Each cystoscopist went hysterical—before confiding that some of the things people push into their urethras, in search of erotic stimulation, would rival the objects displayed in charity raffles to raise money for church roofs.

Spit at the Sky

Lest you think only England boasts such japeries of journalism as the swizzle stick in the bladder, permit me to titillate you with a tidbit from the *Jamaican Gleaner*:

As our government still stubbornly refuses to acknowledge the existence of the 20th Century in agriculture, not only in the use of machines but in scientific rain-making, the Cabinet may be interested in other methods more appropriate to the stone-age mentality.

For instance, Australia has been spending a lot of money on the seeding of clouds with silver iodide; but a lot of the time, there just aren't any clouds to seed.

This situation worried three aborigines, Jack Olandeen, Bob Quertport and Bert Powerful, [who] decided to help modern science with some of the rain-making techniques used by their people for the last three thousand years.

These techniques include . . . spitting at the sky, killing black animals and mixing their blood with human blood, bathing cats, throwing strangers in the nearest river, sprinkling human skeletons with water and carrying out exotic rites with the aid of human foreskins preserved in the fat of poisonous snakes.

Olandeen, Quertport and Powerful went to work. So successful were they that the result was a sudden enormous downpour which soaked them to the skin, causing them to end up in a Sydney hospital with pneumonia.

Swahili, Quo Vadis?

The perplexities of Militant Reason in a cul-de-sac are neatly, if sadly, illustrated by one Roy Sawh:

A "Black Culture" centre in Notting Hill Gate . . . will be backed by the militant Black People's Allegiance.

The centre will concentrate on the culture of Asia and Africa—"going further into our backgrounds," said Roy Sawh, "to see why

Reprinted from SR 6-8-68

"Has anybody seen my copy of the Constitution?"

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something went wrong. Something *must* have gone wrong, because we are speaking English."

The Guardian *(London)*

Rioters Anonymous

And how often does one run across a "Hold the presses!" item such as this:

Arrested in Chelsea, a Miss Susan Zeiger, known as "Suzy Creamcheese," described herself as a "professional demonstrator."

Does this mean she is an employee of Renta-crowd, the giant organisation which supplies demonstrators for all occasions?

A spokesman at Crowd House, Renta-crowd's London headquarters, was dubious: "Renta-crowd employees," he said, "are forbidden to identify themselves as such, or to describe themselves as demonstrators. In any case, with the increasing use of automation, most of our employees do not know their own names; and they would be unable, if arrested, to give even one name, let alone two."

The Telegraph *(London)*

Get Them Hawks Out of the Chicken House

One nice bonus to a known nut for news-goodies is the clippings that loyal, hawk-eyed readers send you. Here's one from a reader in Rangoon, Burma:

Opium smokers and drug addicts in the Burmese Customs and Excise Service have been asked to resign.

Between August and October of this year, customs officials seized more than $25,000 in opium, drugs and illicit liquor.

Maecenas on the Telephone

In the *Listener*, BBC's excellent publication that culls the best from BBC radio programs each week, Alisdair Fairley reported this episode:

The unbelievable irritation of wrong numbers and crossed lines . . . sometimes overwhelms me. But every so often, one gets one's reward.

A little while ago I found myself cut into a conversation between two banks—one here in London, the other . . . in Scotland. A customer of the Scottish branch was at the London branch hoping to cash a cheque for £20. The Scottish branch, when they heard their customer's name, sounded very dubious, but eventually asked the London clerk to hold on while they checked.

In silence, I too held on, thinking of my compatriot's trip to London—perhaps on honeymoon—being abruptly terminated for lack of credit. So it was I who spoke up, saying yes it was all right for the customer to have his £20.

I only hope someone will do the same for me the next time I'm in that position. ◉

World Progress Report

Milky Way

The healthy injunction to drink a lot of milk can lead to chronic indigestion for some people, especially blacks and Orientals, who frequently have an inherited intolerance to lactose, a complex sugar constituent of milk that most people's digestive processes break down into useful blood sugar. Even in milk lovers, the bacteria that break down lactose can be temporarily knocked out by antibiotics aimed at some other, offending bacteria.

Last fall, however, Dr. Marvin L. Speck of the department of food sciences at North Carolina State University announced the development of a new milk that contains a culture of the microbe *Lactobacillus acidophilus*, which breaks lactose down into lactic acid. Earlier attempts to add the bacteria to milk resulted in a sour product. Dr. Speck's process keeps the milk sweet by holding the bacillus in suspended animation at milk's normal storage temperature. In the warmth of the human digestive tract, however, the *L. acidophilus*, 4 million of them for each cubic centimeter of milk, awaken and go into action.

Birds in the Hand

Bird lovers especially, as well as others who recognize that the condition of wildlife is an index to the health of the whole ecosystem, have been dismayed by the recent decline in the populations of raptors —eagles, hawks, and other predatory species. The precipitous population collapse has been blamed on loss of habitat due to the encroachments of civilization; and on the use of insecticides like DDT, which accumulate in the birds' fatty tissues and inhibit reproduction.

The decline in DDT residues in the environment since the ubiquitous insecticide was banned in the United States in 1972 has encouraged a team of zoologists from Cornell University to attempt to reestablish some of the vanishing species in their former range. Recently, the Cornell team reported its first success in bringing the bald eagle, the national symbol, back to New York State, where the wild population today has been reduced to a single, nonbreeding pair. There are only about 700 breeding pairs of bald eagles surviving in the contiguous United States.

Adopting methods that have proved successful with peregrine falcons and a few other endangered species, the zoologists imported a nine-week-old pair of bald eagle chicks from an active nest in Wisconsin. The chicks were placed in a man-made aerie on a 35-foot-high wooden platform in the Montezuma National Wildlife Refuge near Lake Cayuga, New York. For most of last summer, the young eagles' baby-sitter was Elizabeth Milburn, a graduate student in wildlife science.

Milburn shared her charges' lofty perch during most of her daylight hours, serving twice-a-day meals of fresh carp from the lake and small mammals killed on the road by motorists. She also fended off attacks by horned owls, foxes, and raccoons. As the eagles began to teach themselves to fly, falling to the ground with awkward, futile flappings of their uneducated wings, Milburn had to climb down, load the downed fliers into a duffel bag, and return them to the nest.

By October, however, the birds had graduated into being proficient hunters, and as cold weather settled in they took off, destination unknown. Presumably they have gone south for the winter, to return to New York with the spring. The Cornell researchers can only wait. It takes five years for the birds to become sexually mature, notes Dr. Thomas Cade, the project's leader, and until then it will not be known whether the immigrant chicks will become the parents of new generations of native New York bald eagles.

—ANTHONY WOLFF

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Manner of Speaking

Have "Gringo," Will Trade for a "Swizzle Stick"

by John Ciardi

Ask the next person you meet where the Mexicans got the word "gringo." If he says, "It's Greek to me," he will be closer than he knows. If he thinks he knows, he will probably tell you it comes from Robert Burns's

> Green grow the rashes, oh.
> Green grow the rashes, oh.
> The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
> I spent among the lasses, oh.

He will probably go on to tell you these were the words to a marching song of a U.S. Cavalry regiment that once invaded Mexico. He won't know which unit or when it invaded, but he will know that is how the word came about.

If that is what he tells you, you will have come upon a folk etymologist. Those are the people who tell you straight out that "asparagus" derives from "sparrow grass." (Its root, in fact, is the Greek *asparagos*, a sprout.) They will tell you that "hangnail" comes from "hanging ill." (It was once the Old English *angnaegl*, from complicated but traceable Germanic roots with the sense "thorn in the flesh." "Angst-nail" will about catch it.)

Sometimes one of these folk etymologists even supplies notes for your dictionary, even for as good a one as the *American Heritage Dictionary*. Look up "blatherskite" there and you will be told: "*blather* + *skate* (fish)." So there really are talking fish, Mother! (Except that this "skate"—as in "cheapskate"— is from the Scottish and dialect "skite/skyte," with such meanings as "a nasty person/to emit forcefully/to spit/to squirt," and also "dung of a fowl." Now try the standard philological shift from "k" to "h," drop the final "e," and you will be right on the Germanic root.)

Folk etymology is mostly free association based on surface resemblances. And so much for "green grow." "Gringo" came into general Mexican usage about 1830 and derived from the Spanish *griego*: "A Greek. The Greek language. The silly bah-bah-bah spoken by foreigners. [It's Greek to me.] A card cheat."

The Mexicans were not alone in practicing the sort of national slander implicit in the last sense of the word, "card cheat." In seventeenth-century British slang, "to Greek" meant "to cheat at cards." "Gringo" began as a pejorative term for any foreigner and became attached specifically to the *yanquis* because they were the most prominent and most objectionable foreigners in Mexican view.

All of the foregoing is a trade-last and an invitation to join in the word game. I have given you the straight of some commonly kinked derivations. Here are some terms that have evaded me, and to which you may have the clue:

The Big Apple I half feel I must be stupid not to know how New York City came by this all-but-official nickname, but I am used to my own stupidity, have given up the hope of hiding it, and I still don't know. Who first said it? When? What does it mean?

shortenin' and bread Pure Negro idiom, of course, with the literal meaning of "bread and lard," and with the idiomatic meaning of "an act of sex"—but how does one get to mean the other? Is the connective sense "a snack"—of sex as of food?

union suit Yes, of course, long johns, and "union" specifying "one-piece." But who first manufactured the things? When? And was "union" the manufacturer's name for them, or did that grow later? (If you have access to old Sears Roebuck catalogs—as I, alas, have not—try there.)

lead-pipe cinch "Cinch" offers no problems. But why is a "lead-pipe cinch" a doubly sure thing? I distrust all explanations about "lead-pipe cinching" as an old plumbing method. I suspect that the lead pipe was in fact a thug's blackjack. But what? When? Where? By whom?

And who has clues to "galley-west," or to "dear old Siwash" as the name of a mythical primitive college? Who first said, "I'd die for dear old Siwash!"? And who can shed light on the origins of "horn-swoggle," "swig," and "swizzle" as in "swizzle stick"? It's your language, too. Any number can play. But no folk etymologies, please. ◉

"I'm bothered by a recurring nightmare that I won't make it to the Tricentennial."

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Light Refractions

Kutting Kapers with Komical *K*s

by Thomas H. Middleton

Neil Simon's character Willie Clark, in *The Sunshine Boys*, tells his newphew that "words with a *k* in it are funny." I mentioned this in an earlier "Light Refractions" and got a pleasing reaction. First, I heard from editor and author Louis Untermeyer, who wrote: "*K* is indeed a funny letter. It is part of the equipment of every stand-up comic. A mention of Brooklyn or Hoboken is always sure of a laugh. Spread the *k*s and you get double laughs with Kankakee and Kokomo and Okefenokee, to say nothing of the Japanese Okazaki, and the triply kappa-ed Indian tobacco, kinnikinnick—if anyone can say it without kidding."

Then a friend told me that Mencken had written about Keokuk, Kalamazoo, Hohokus, Podunk, and so on, saying that their comical quality came from the *k*. (My own favorite is Secaucus, which is very close to Weehawken, and, since they're both practically next door to Hoboken, this whole New Jersey neighborhood is its own comedy relief.)

Charles A. Bonnici, of Rego Park, New York, takes a different position. He maintains that the comical *k* theory "is pure poppycock." He holds for the humor inherent in *p*, claiming that it's the *p* that makes "peanuts" funny. "Pardon my presumptuousness," he says, "but I was piqued by your passing over of the *p* sound.

"Joining the amusing *p* foods, peanuts and pickles, we have pumpkins, pineapples, parsnips, cream pie (especially when thrown at someone's face), popcorn, pomegranates, and everyone's media-promulgated funny food, prunes."

I think Mr. Bonnici has a point, but he damages his argument very severely by his "cream pie (especially when thrown at someone's face)." For one thing, if it's the *p* that makes "cream pie" funny, then "apple pie" should be twice as funny, whereas apple pie isn't the least bit funny. Apple pie may be patriotic, but it isn't funny. In the second place, the fact of cream pie's being funny "especially when thrown at someone's face" takes us out of the area of funny sounds and into the area of funny images, unless you bring in the sounds of *splat!* and Soupy Sales—and they're really beside the point, I think.

I hadn't taken the *k*-for-comedy theory very seriously until I got these letters. I thought the whole thing was a funny idea dreamed up by Neil Simon. But with Untermeyer and Mencken in support, the theory has to be given more than a passing chuckle.

Mr. Bonnici has every right to suggest *p* as a funny letter, but it seems to me that the funniest uses of *p* are not in its sounds, but in its silences: pshaw, pneumatic, psychology, and that old favorite, psurf bathing, for instance.

F, too, has a claim to funniness in words like foofaraw, flimflam, flummery, flip-flop, and dozens of others.

Mr. Bonnici ends his letter by suggesting "that we should abandon the piecemeal approach to funny sounds and instead search for humorous sound combinations." That made me think of a line from a W. C. Fields film. I don't remember it exactly, but I think it was Grady Sutton who said something like, "Mistuh Bissonet, ah'm Barnaby Bedloe," and Fields, in his unique snarl, mumbled, "Sounds like bubbles in a bathtub."

Funny sounds come in all sorts of combinations. Still, for some reason, the *k* sound seems to have an intrinsic wacky, icky, gucky quality that brings out the yuks. The *k*s have it. The late Walt Kelly could have placed Pogo and his pals in the Everglades, but he had the good sense to put them in the Okefenokee.

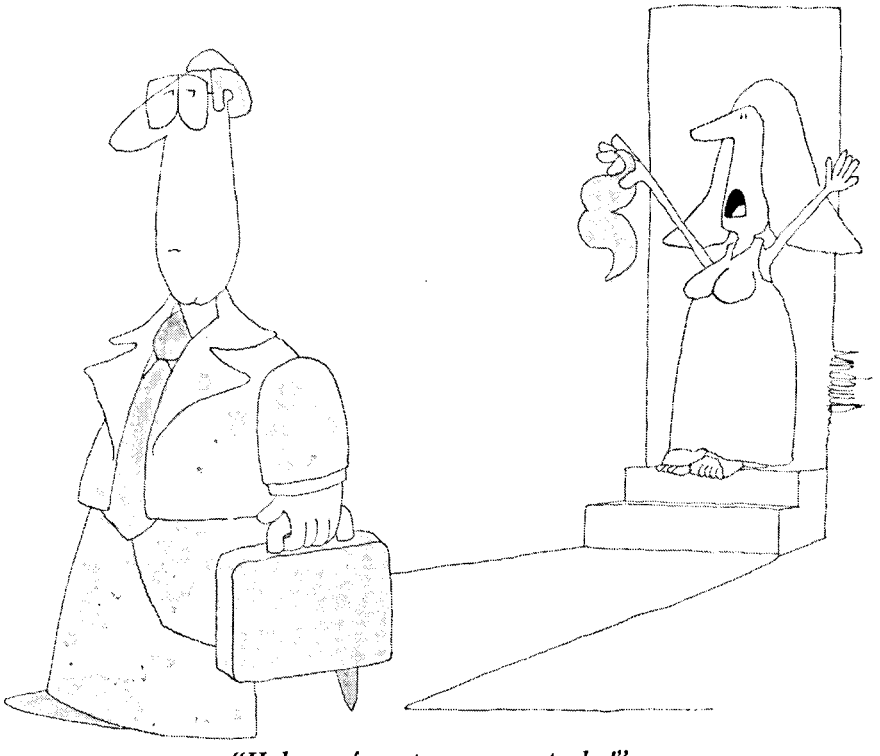
Jack Benny made a big point of coming from Waukegan. And the train announcer on his old radio show announced a string of towns ending with "Azusa and *Cucamonga*!" Cucamonga got the laugh.

I'll bet Danny Kaye, Stubby Kaye, Beatrice Kay, and Kay Kyser have all felt a comical connection with *k*.

Of course, a conclusive consideration of the *k*-for-comedy conjecture could consume considerable quantities of careful scrutiny and contemplation, and a comprehensive inquiry cannot, consequently, be completed in a mere column.

Anyway, I'm conking out.

Case closed. ◉



"Hal, you forgot your moustache!"

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Margaret Mead *from page 6*

work at Barnard and Columbia and was commissioned by her teacher Franz Boas to study adolescent girls in Samoa. It was a period marked by extensive field research in the Admiralties, New Guinea, and Bali, and it gave her the tools and wealth of observation that enabled her to pioneer and develop many of the standard procedures for field work in anthropology.

The second phase began with World War II, during which she was executive secretary of the National Research Council's Committee on Food Habits. Under this rubric she helped gather together social scientists and original thinkers of every stripe to produce in-depth studies of the needs and habits of nations.

It was one of the first times that the skills and perspectives of applied anthropology were used to illumine the complex civilizations of the modern world. These activities led naturally to the third phase—Margaret Mead as global anthropologist, one could almost say *panthropologist*, so wide is the spectrum of her interdisciplinary work. Since the late 1940s, acting as co-worker and specialist-informant, she has been yeasting developmental change in a protean range of critical arenas including the World Society for Ekistics, the World Federation for Mental Health, the World Council of Churches, and the United Nations North American Committee for Non-Governmental Organizations. In addition, she was recently named president and then chairman of the board of directors of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Field expeditions continue through all of this, as does her involvement in teaching, lecturing, writing, and keeping up grass-roots contacts with people from all walks of life.

What's on her mind at seventy-five? All and everything, but chiefly questions of moving toward a healthy global interdependence and preparing for an emerging world culture. She sees part of her task as that of challenging the antiquated political imagination that has hitherto organized around stratified bureaucracies, empires, and nation-states, and within which people only intermittently communicated with each other. Now that we are in an age of frightening interdependence, the old territorial imperatives must give way to the necessities of a mutually shared planet. The knowledge that we have entered into planetary community, with its binding together of peoples, compels an organic vision of what must be done to achieve an ecology of cultures.

There must be shared measurement and symbolization—a new kind of cross-cultural consensual reality. Mead is an active proponent of the creation of a shared spoken and written secondary language. She sees this as essential if there is to be truly effective global communication.

There must be ways of making non-invidious comparisons of cultures so that different societies and their perceptual-cultural bases can be seen as complementary to each other. No longer should a single society try to overwhelm all others with the presumed "rightness" of its religious, economic, or political vision. We need the full complement of human capacities in order to respond to the problems and complexities of our time. And it is only in the tapestry of cultures that we begin to gain any notion of the range and variety of these capacities.

"Dauntlessly unafraid, stalking the quarry for her next twenty-five years, she is wide-awake in a sleeping world."

Mead has implied many times that because of the technological cords that link us, because of our need to preserve the earth's remaining resources, and because of the sharing of culture and awareness, we are on the brink of opportunities for human and cultural potentiation of a scale and depth never known before. Also, her experience of observing the people of New Guinea move thousands of years in a few short decades has reinforced her faith in the possibility of the flowering of a world culture able to deal with contemporary problems and enhance the human condition. However, these visions of integrative cultural wholeness are always seen within the framework of preserving and protecting human differences and human scale. Thus she envisions the planning of small interdependent communities, larger than the family and smaller than the city, where the ties between the generations can be nurtured, human satisfactions again known, and where urban opportunities for diversity and development can be had near natural settings.

What's on her mind at seventy-five? New directions for the human race that actively involve the cooperation and participation of as many people as possible working together to become effective change agents in the global community. To this end she has just become chairperson of the council of a new citizen force called New Directions. The organization, under the presidency of former Delaware governor Russell W. Peterson, aims at getting thousands of Americans of all ages to respond and perform in terms of global interdependence. In working closely with the organization, Mead is helping to mobilize a citizens' constituency that could act "to have a little chat with a congressman who has got Iran and Iraq a little confused, to point out what the slaughter of calves in protest against falling beef prices may mean to starving millions, to learn how a precedent set in a small New England town may disturb the American bond market and so the world bond market, or to just pick up a camera or a tape recorder and spend the next two hours getting some event straight, on the spot, at once."

Mead and other members of the council are anxious to encourage Americans to focus responsibility on the communities in which they live, seen in the wider context of planetary needs. Working with temporary coalitions or long-term policy groups, New Directions will help people use the modern acceleration of time and space so that cultural changes that took generations and even millennia can be creatively and constructively guided in days and months. Mead writes, "New Directions will get ideas started, spread them fast in different forms, until what seemed impossible to accomplish yesterday is a shared activity of thousands tomorrow."

This, then, is perhaps the realization of her long history in voluntary organizations, for she sees New Directions as complementing and cooperating with the whole network of voluntary associations —local, national, and worldwide—that help make the world work. And that is what Margaret Mead is ultimately all about—making the world work.

Several years ago, while we were relishing a sumptuous meal at the best restaurant in Bath, she asked me, "Jean, of the seven deadly sins, which is yours?"

"Well, obviously gluttony," I replied, forking down another mouthful of the gingered salmon mousse. "Which is yours, Margaret?"

"Greed," she responded with great emphasis. "Greed for new experiences!"

And that just about sums her up. Greedy for new experience, feisty, dauntlessly unafraid, plunging into every nook and cranny of the planetary possibilities, stalking the quarry for her next twenty-five years, she is wide-awake in a sleeping world. ◉

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 46):
barged, garbed, badger.

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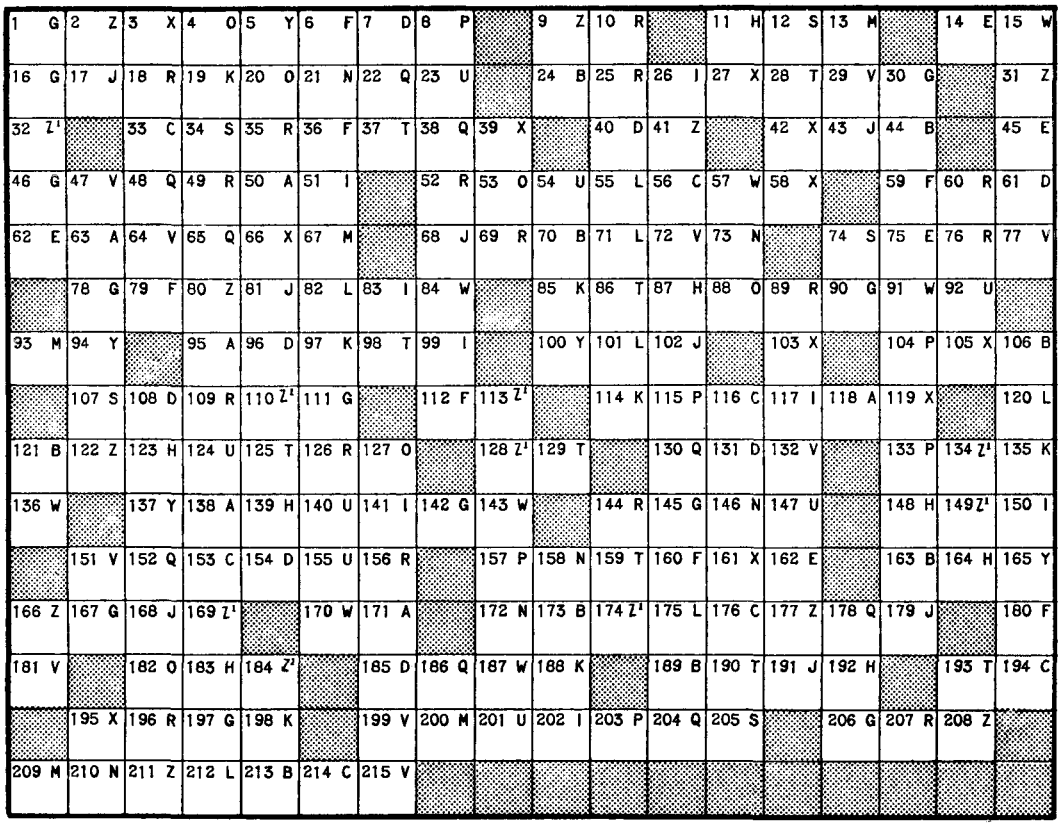
Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Number 116

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. One of F. B. Opper's super-polite comic-strip characters

B. Mosslike or thalloid plant growing chiefly in water, on damp ground, or on tree trunks

C. "_____ and calumniating time" (*Troilus and Cressida*)

D. Ancient, antique

E. Without concealment or disguise

F. Obliterates (2 wds.)

G. American electrical engineer (1890–1974), director of the U.S. Office of Scientific Research and Development, 1941–1945 (full name)

H. Artistic results of corrosion by acid

I. Incautious

J. Small, short-tailed, sharp-beaked bird of the family Sittidae

K. North American fish resembling a small shad

L. Eskimo boots

M. "When Earth's last picture is painted and the _____ are twisted and dried" (Kipling)

WORDS

50 63 95 118 138 171

173 213 24 44 70 106 121 163 189

194 214 33 56 116 153 176

185 7 40 61 96 108 131 154

14 45 62 75 162

6 36 59 79 112 160 180

197 206 30 90 167 46 142 16 1 78 111 145

164 11 87 148 183 123 139 192

26 51 141 202 83 99 117 150

179 191 17 43 81 102 168 68

97 135 188 19 85 114 198

120 175 212 82 101 55 71

93 200 209 13 67

CLUES

N. Member of a Negroid people of the Sudan whose culture has been strongly influenced by Islam

O. Israeli statesman (1895–1969), became prime minister of Israel in 1963

P. Hit song from the 1920 *Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic* (2 wds. followed by WORD R)

Q. Tropical American plant whose rhizomes yield a nutritious starch

R. See WORD P (2 wds.)

S. Peddles

T. Wise, hep, hip (3 wds.)

U. Locality

V. Great northern diver

W. Sturdy, loyal

X. System of doctrines concerning final matters

Y. Indifferent

Z. Nonsensical

Z1. Piker

WORDS

158 172 210 21 73 146

20 127 182 4 53 88

115 133 157 203 8 104

186 204 38 65 130 48 152 178 22

52 196 10 18 89 109 126 144 69 207 156

35 60 49 76 25

12 34 74 107 205

28 86 129 190 37 98 125 159 193

92 124 23 155 54 140 201 147

72 151 199 77 64 215 29 181 132 47

84 91 15 187 170 57 143 136

105 27 3 195 103 42 39 161 66 58 119

5 137 94 100 165

122 9 208 177 211 2 166 31 80 41

184 110 149 134 32 174 128 113 169

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 115* appears on page 34.

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SR 2/7

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- ☐ Chicano (U.S.)
- ☐ Colombia
- ☐ Dominican Republic
- ☐ Honduras
- ☐ Indian (Latin America)
- ☐ Indian (U.S.)
- ☐ Indonesia
- ☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
- ☐ Israel
- ☐ Korea
- ☐ Lebanon
- ☐ Mexico
- ☐ Rural South (U.S.)

2. Any sex or age preference?

If so, our personnel who are familiar with conditions in the area you have chosen will select a child in accordance with your wishes.

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ No preference

Age ☐ 4 to 7 ☐ 8 to 12 ☐ No preference

3. Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

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☐ Yes ☐ No

4. Would you like to correspond with your sponsored child?

If desired, correspondence can help build a meaningful one-to-one relationship. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children Federation.

☐ Yes ☐ No

5. Would you like information about the child's community?

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☐ Yes ☐ No

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☐ Yes ☐ No

8. Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor of an individual child at this time?

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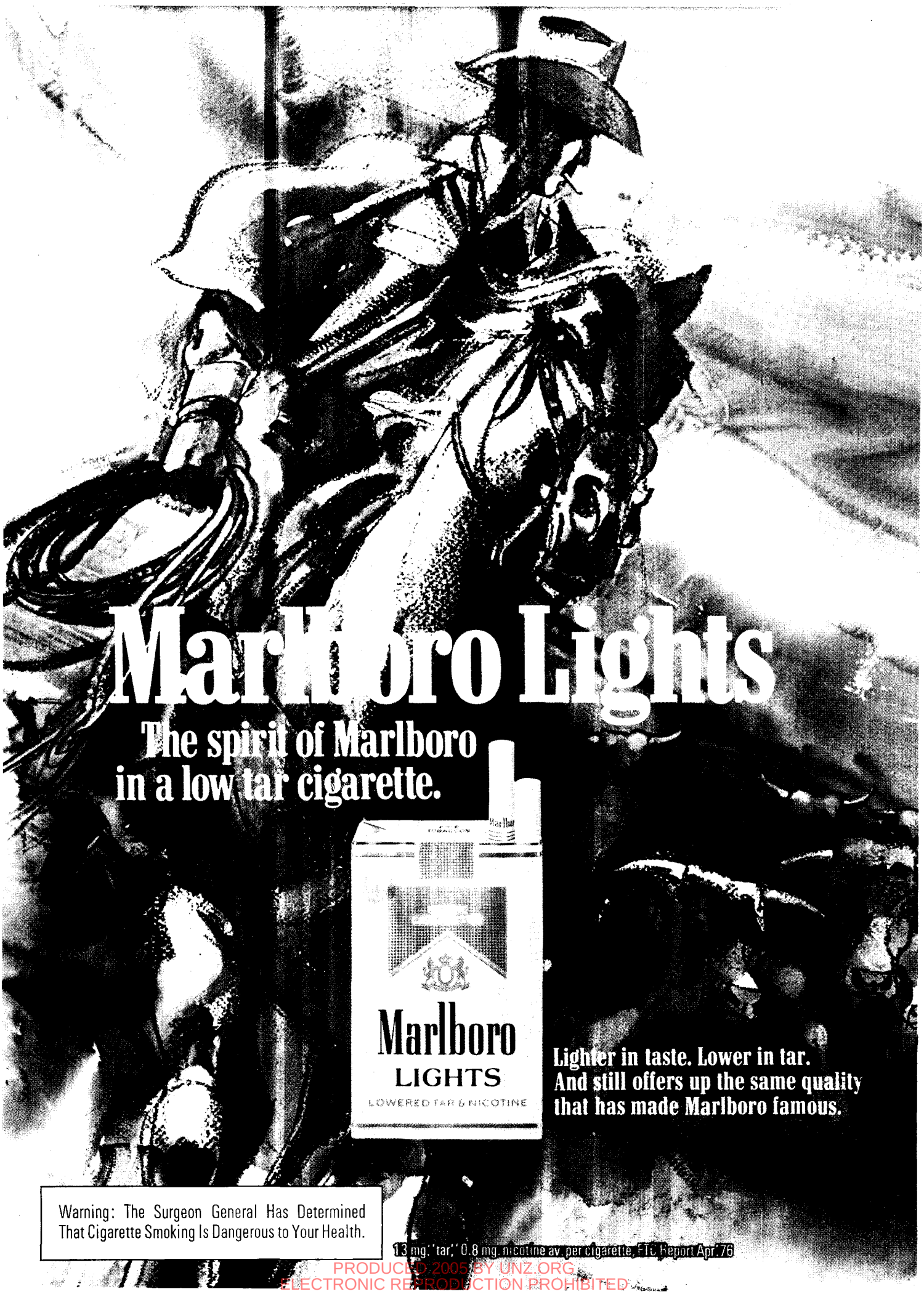
Marlboro Lights
The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.
Marlboro
LIGHTS
LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE
Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
And still offers up the same quality
that has made Marlboro famous.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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